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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 64. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 22ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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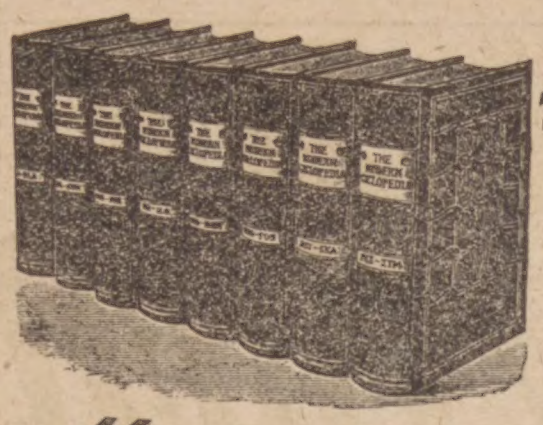

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 64. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 22ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

PITFALLS OF WINTER CYCLING.

SOME DANGERS OF COUNTRY ROADS.

The keen cyclist who snatches—that is the only word for it—a day's or half-day's run when opportunity and weather combine to please him, which is not often in our winters, is frequently surprised by the onset of darkness or mist; or, what is far worse, a combination of both.

Even in a fog in the daytime his risks increase manifold. There is the first and common danger of running off the road into the bank; or, worse still, into the ditch. It is often impossible to distinguish where the road meets the border, in a thick fog, and the cyclist, going even at a snail's pace, may at any moment feel a sudden bump, as his front wheel strikes a side gulley, and find himself mixed up in his machine in a fine old tangle.

But there are worse dangers even in the daytime. This is the time of year when our local authorities—councils and boards—are busy scraping, scarifying, and repairing the roads, and it is often the case that large heaps of surface mud are piled along the roadside.

These heaps are the same colour as the road itself, and the cyclist, hugging the edge of the road in order to avoid the danger of running into anyone or anything coming from the opposite direction, risks his very neck in passing these heaps.

The necessity for keeping a sharp lookout for these bordering heaps and for the edge of the road itself, prevents a very thorough outlook ahead, and here another danger arises. By day, in fog, it is perhaps more dangerous than by night in the same conditions. For the approaching rider, being unable to keep up an incessant ringing of the bell, and being unable to see coming objects, is right upon one before either party realises the danger. Thus accidents are frequent even on comparatively wide and lonely roads.

It is not a bad plan, when cycling in foggy weather, to attach to the handle-bars one of the old-fashioned round bells that were so popular when the "ordinary" or "high bike" was in vogue. These bells kept up a not unpleasant tinkle without any effort on the rider's part, and they are always useful in giving warning of one's approach. The new and more powerful bell, which the rider must ring, can also be carried for use when danger is known or suspected.

The number of straying cows and horses and sheep that a cyclist comes across at night would astonish those who think every beast is safely housed or gated.

Fortunately most of these straying beasts make for the roadside grass rides, where they munch contentedly until driven home in the morning or found by the village bobby and taken to the pound, but they are, nevertheless, a source of danger, and night-riders should keep their eyes open for such awkward obstacles. R. PETERS.

CHEEK.

Miss Maud Allan has been dancing in Russia, and she received a warm welcome. In view of the chilliness of the temperature over there we are glad indeed that her reception at least was warm.

* * *

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, speaking at the annual dinner of the Kit Marlowe Dramatic Club, said that he had great sympathy for amateur actors. We think he might have spared a little of it for their audiences.

* * *

"It is hard to describe the iron shouts of an insulted democracy," says Mr. James Douglas in a frenzied article. Then for heaven's sake chuck up trying, old chap!

* * *

"Contrast the hysterical abusiveness of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill with the quiet dignity of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Milner," says a Tory leading article. And, in the words of the last-named gentleman, damn the consequences!

* * *

"Young man seeks situation, any capacity. Good footballer," runs an advertisement. Some enterprising publican ought to employ him as potman. He would be most useful when kicking-out time came, even if he didn't draw well.

* * *

A man, says Mrs. Cornwallis-West, ends by hating the woman who he thinks has found him out. But women often execrate other women who find them in.

* * *

Twentieth-century advertisement writers now contrive to shock the literary sense of the public by devising catch-phrases composed of two nouns. "Razor comfort" and "Pyjama elegance" are among the latest gems of the Yankee expert. If we may be permitted to use another brace of nouns, we might decide such mad phraseology as "Fool talk."

* * *

A writer in a contemporary urges rinkers to wear "sensible boots." Wise waistcoats and prudent pants are also to be strongly recommended.

* * *

"How to Resist the Cold," reads an advertisement. Some people say that a good strong punch is an excellent thing.

* * *

A writer on men's fashions observes that "the bowler hat wins hands down this season." One would have thought that it only won by a head.

* * *

Dear old Mrs. Footler read in the newspaper that Mr. Wilbur Wright had succeeded in conquering the wind. As a sufferer of three months' duration, she is now singing "I'm looking for Mr. Wright." J. S. COX.

"DON'TS" FOR RUGBY THREE-QUARTER BACKS.

AN ARTICLE FOR FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS.

The following "don'ts" are not primarily intended for the perusal of *International* three-quarter backs, but rather for that of such young players who aspire to achieve that distinction.

At the same time the writer feels bound to say that many of the faults indicated are by no means confined to junior club Rugby, but are only too often to be met with in so-called "class" Rugby.

Don't expect the forwards to heel out every time they get the ball. They have their own game to play, and a timely wheel and rush is as telling as a bout of passing among the backs.

Don't leave all the following up to be done by the forwards. Many a try has been scored by a speedy "three-quarter" following up hard and taking the defence by surprise.

Don't forget after kicking across to run straight to the front, and put your men "on side"; and *don't* shout "all on" before you have really come up level with the ball.

Don't be in too great a hurry to tackle when the opposing backs are looking dangerous. Make up your mind how the attack is likely to develop; let your inside supports take (or miss) their men, and *then* go hard and low at the man with the ball.

Don't hang round to intercept passes. Sound honest tackling will earn a place in a team quicker than an occasional brilliant run founded on an intercepted pass.

Don't wait till you have been tackled and "grassed" before giving your pass. Let the ball circulate freely.

Don't forget the inside pass or kick across when hemmed in on the touch-line.

Don't crowd in on the scrum when the fight is being fought out on your own goal-line, and your opponents are pressing hard to cross over. Keep cool, and "mark" well out.

Don't, when the scrum is on the enemy's goal-line and you are an "inside three," try to bullock your way over the line, when the "halves" hand out the ball to you. Give the "wing" a chance: he's almost sure to score even if it's in the corner.

Don't cling to the ball after falling on it to stop a forward rush. Get up (if your opponents will let you) and play the ball at once, and take your chance of keeping the enemy at bay until your forwards come round. It may cost your side a try, but it's a real test of sportsmanship.

Don't let your play become stereotyped. A mark from a line out; a short kick and rush; a return pass between insides; play on the blind side of the scrum, followed by an inside pass; a kick across to the opposite wing or a kick cleverly placed in front of the forwards; a "drop" at goal in reply to a "five-and-twenty" kick-off by your opponents, are all methods of keeping their defence on the "jump." Originality is as valuable as "personality" in winning matches. S. ELLIOTT.

Planning a Small Garden.

SOME USEFUL AND SEASONABLE HINTS

It was only a small space that I had at my disposal, but I meant to have a garden, and I had one.

My predecessor had left the ground in a deplorable state; the beds were not distinguishable from what had once been walks.

However, I set to work to clear away the rubbish—kindly neighbours had used the garden as a receptacle for worn-out kitchen utensils and cast-off garments.

Then I made my plans. Once upon a time there had been a grass plot dignified by the name of lawn. I decided to cut a path through it, and where the lawn terminated to have another path. At the extreme end of the garden I determined to put up a rockery.

Making the paths was no easy task. The old gravel I turned up with a fork; then I raked it over and added some new gravel, and then finally I rolled it.

Next I turned my attention to the beds. The weeding was a long business. The renowned garden of the sluggard was nothing to this; an enemy sowing tares could not have given me more work to do.

THE REWARD OF LABOUR.

But a hoe and patience work wonders, and at last the weeds were conquered. These and the dead leaves I collected in a heap and burnt, saving the ashes for future use.

I dug over the beds, and having bought some manure, I worked this into the soil.

I did not like the tiles which had been used as a border for the beds, so I proceeded to get some slips of box for the purpose of edging, in spite of the warnings I received that box harboured slugs.

At intervals down the walk I put up a trellis arch for the future accommodation of creepers.

I also raised the wall on each side by the same means, so ensuring more privacy than is usual in a suburban garden.

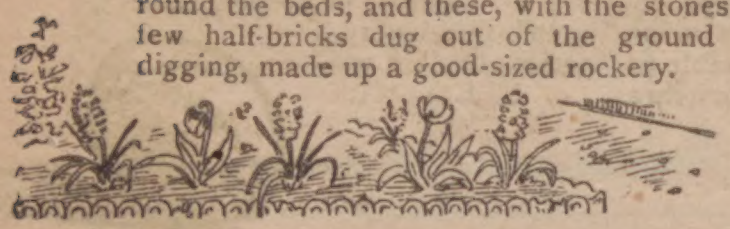
I did not purpose going in for vegetable cultivation, though I was tempted to try tomatoes against one wall.

TOMATO-GROWING.

I finally yielded to that same temptation, and it turned out a grand success. I did well with tomatoes. In the intervals of digging and weeding and rolling I made a garden seat of odds and ends of wood, giving it a rustic air by glueing pieces of bark over it.

When it was finished, I started on the rockery. Some of the rubbish I had collected came in usefully for this purpose—for example, broken pottery and shells. Some of the neighbours must have been greatly addicted to the consumption of shellfish, I observed.

I also used up the tiles I had discarded from round the beds, and these, with the stones and a few half-bricks dug out of the ground during digging, made up a good-sized rockery.



I had heard a lot about Alpine plants, so I determined to try them, and having put soil in what I judged to be sufficient quantities between the stones and rubbish, I proceeded to plant a varied assortment of anemones, primulas, gentians, and some Alpine phloxes.

These, with some ferns, a few bulbs of *scylla siberica*, crocus and snowdrop, made up my rock garden, and when later on it bloomed, it was really a sight worth seeing.

MY ROSES.

Roses were my special hobby, so I invested in several standards, and set to work to train ramblers over the arches.

My back door was already provided with a porch, so I tried the experiment of planting roses and white jasmine over it in imitation of an old mill house which I came across during a walking tour through Gloucestershire.

The experiment answered finely, for it became, as the years went by, a perfect bower of fragrance.

I pursued a plan of my own with regard to the beds. I sowed one with mignonette and carnations, another I planted with violets and pansies. And one against the wall, under the window of my own especial den, I planted with wallflowers.

As I mentioned at first; the grass plot was in a very poor way, so I sowed grass seed in all the bare and shabby parts, and waited with all the patience I possessed for time to remedy the defects.

As I had divided the lawn, I made a diamond-shaped bed in the centre of each portion, and these I filled with dwarf-nasturtiums, and they became a perfect glow of colour.

AN EFFECTIVE CREEPER.

I chose hops for covering one bare wall and the trellis work at the top, and the back of the house I started to clothe with ivy and Virginia creeper.

As my garden did not permit of the putting up of any sort of a shed or potting place, I had to fall back on the scullery.

Here I stored all the utensils the amateur gardener has need of.

For the benefit of those who wish to emulate me I give the list.

A good spade—I say good advisably, for there are plenty of bad on the market, waiting for the 'prentice hand to choose them.

A big fork, like those that haymakers use, and a small one for digging borders, etc.

A rake and a hoe are indispensable.

A syringe and a watering pot; of course these can be had in varying sizes—it all depends on the space at your disposal, and the extent of your purse.

GARDEN REQUISITES.

A trowel and a knife for pruning; and several yards of hose makes watering much less of a task.

Large scissors are very useful.

A garden-roller and a lawn-mower can be hired.

A supply of pots for potting out, straw matting for putting round rose trees, a tin or so of some patent weed-killer, a basket for weeding, and a small wheelbarrow made up the list of requirements.

With regard to the pests that make the gardener's life less Eden-like than it ought to be, I found soot was greatly disliked by snails and slugs. For insects, such as green fly, I flew to my pipe, and invoked the aid of the goddess Nicotine to allay that trouble.

In conclusion, I may as well say that I planned and made my garden during the winter months, when there is practically little or nothing to be done.

When the ground is not too hard, it is healthy exercise rolling walks and digging over beds.

In fact, if there are any alterations or improvements to be made in a garden, the cold weather is the time to do them in.

C. B. CORDERY.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

FOURTH LESSON.

In the seventh hit I shall endeavour to explain an elaboration of the sixth hit, and I should like to mention here that many of the recognised hits in boxing are merely elaborations of the simple ones.

I shall, as this course goes on, explain to you some specially effective hits of my own invention, but I should like to persuade you to try to invent some others for yourself. Every great pugilist has special hits and methods of his own, and in working out new hits you are improving yourself in those you have already learned.

VII.—A double hit.

I do not profess to be able to make you a first-class ring man by means of this course, for that is a claim that no teacher of boxing could honestly put forward. I would rather have you regard me as one who resembles in some respects a teacher of English grammar. The English master can show you how to avoid mistakes in writing; but it is not in his power to make you a great author, for skill with the pen is a gift.

It is the same with boxing. All I am pretending to do, and all that any teacher can honestly claim to do, is to enlighten you as to the science of boxing. I am showing you little more than any expert boxer already knows, and if you want to be better than an expert, you must rely on your own genius in elaborating the hits I give.

Constant practice is necessary to enable you to bring off the hits smartly and without hesitation, and in this practice you will, if you are smart, and possess the fighting instinct, be able to devise some variation of a hit that will be most useful to you in a contest.

I explain these things because I do not want to sail under false colours. In the case of my private pupils, I always tell them before I take their money that I will guarantee to turn them out good boxers, but that no man can possibly promise to make them really clever fighters if they have not been born with the gift. I make no claim beyond that in connection with the lessons I am giving in this paper.

The seventh hit is, as I have said, an elaboration of the sixth, and I must ask you to practise the sixth till you are expert at it before attempting the seventh.

In the seventh hit, your antagonist leads off with his left. You step towards him and slightly to your own left so that his glove brushes past your right ear. As you step in deliver your right hand on his waist, and your left hand on his jaw. To secure the best result, the right hand should hit him first, and you should bring up your body sharply as you deliver the face hit.

VIII.—A very neat trick-hit.

The eighth is a trick-hit. Work your hands about till your left glove is inside his left; then quickly bring your left forearm above his and turn it towards his own right. This turns his body round, and enables you to get on a kidney-hit.

Be most careful in practising this hit with a friend, for, if a kidney-hit is put on rashly, it may make him sick or even cause him permanent injury. Practise this hit by all means, but do not use it in a friendly spar, for it is a very deadly one.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

THE HEART BENEATH

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Hello, darling!" said the woman, in a thin falsetto, as the man went by.

He did not turn or reply. Such greetings were frequent when he was out late at night. He was returning from a party at the house of a suburban friend, and was on his way to the station to catch the last train home.

"Won't you stop just for a minute?" said a voice pleadingly, and, looking round, he saw that the woman had hurried after him.

"No," he said, forcibly. "Go to the devil!"

Some of these creatures were difficult to shake off, and the fact angered him.

He had felt a spasm of anger at the first sound of her voice. Its high-pitched tone, with the stereotyped endearment, interrupted a mental retrospect of the girl he had just left at the gate of his friend's house. Her kiss was warm on his lips, and she owned what was good of him.

But what angered him most of all was the feeling that the pleading in the soliciting woman's last remark was genuine, and that he had spoken brutally to her.

He glanced back, and what he saw made him stop. She was leaning against the wall beside the pavement a few yards behind, her face turned to it, her arms high above her head, her head bowed between them. The attitude was the abandon of despair.

The night was cold and wet, the wall gleamed wet, and the woman's garments hung as though sodden.

He turned back. He was young, and experience had not yet set a steel case about his heart.

"I say," he said, "what's up?"

She brought her arms down and turned. The attempt to smile professionally while there were tears in her eyes made her face a pitiful contrast.

"I'm all right, dear," she said, and again the false gaiety jarred on him. "Just giving the wall a hug because I couldn't find anything nicer."

"You've been crying," he said.

"Have I?" She passed the back of her hand over her eyes and examined it. Then she peeped at him from under her lashes. She was calculating his worth and intentions, brightening with hope that here was a customer at last.

"I thought perhaps you weren't well," he said, beginning to move away now that she appeared to have recovered.

The hope died in her. A good Samaritan was the very last person she desired to meet just then.

"I was feeling a bit sick over things," she returned. "I suppose I can blast in the street if I like. Run away home, sonny. I don't want any of your sympathy."

"I—I'm not offering any," he said, rather uncomfortably. "I thought perhaps you—you——"

"Spit it out, Willie," she urged, with a grating laugh.

"That you were hurt by what I said."

"Shoo! The innocent! 'Go to the devil,' was it? Bless your heart, that's flattery. It sort of suggests I haven't already gone. And, after all, it's nothing. You should hear the pious wish of some of them!"

"Yes; just so," he said, because he could think of nothing else to say. He was wishing devoutly that he had not been fool enough to stop.

"And I'll tell you something, shall I?" she went on, a smile curling her dyed lips. "It hurt your feelings to think you'd hurt mine, and that was why you turned back. To relieve yourself, not me," she added, with a gust of temper which left her lips quivering. "You've got a girl, I'll lay quids, and it makes you want to act the heroic to all women."

He was looking at his watch, and he thrust it quickly into his pocket and commenced to button his coat at this taunt.

"Oh, you men!" she cried; "Ch—t, how we get to know what you are when we're at this game!"

"Good night," he said curtly, swinging on his heel.

"*Here!* No, don't go." She sprang forward and caught his arm, agony in the entreaty. "I didn't mean it."

He tried to pull free.

"I must," he said; "I've got a train to catch."

"No. Listen. I'm in trouble. I didn't mean to jeer you. You don't know what it is to—to——"

Her attempt to hold him became a struggle. He tore his sleeve from her grip roughly. The touch of her made his blood hot.

"For the sake of the girl," she panted. "She's got everything and I've got nothing. Oh, you heartless beast, you heartless beast!"

He heard her sobbing, and once more the conviction that he was acting the brute went over him. There were trains running to his home half an hour later than the trains, and he really must for his own peace of mind do something for her.

For his own peace of mind! The half-crown he was handling in his pocket he discarded on impulse for a sovereign. She had placed her finger on the raw truth when saying that he had really thought of himself before her. Well, he could ill spare a sovereign, so his kindness now would not be spurious.

"Here you are," he muttered, endeavouring to slip the coin into her hand.

But she avoided him and continued to sob.

"Come, come!" he said. "It's no good giving way like this. Take the money. I sha'n't miss it, and may it do you a bit of good."

"I don't want it."

"Don't be an ass. Of course you do."

"I don't. Go away, d——n you, and leave me alone."

She drew in a deep breath, and her chin strained up as she fought hard to stifle her emotion.

"But it's a quid," he urged, and now he was feeling foolish, because this time his kindness was real.

She looked at him slowly, and in the lamplight there was an expression in her face that he could not read. She was a woman well into the thirties, with coarsened features, but she did not look a harlot at that moment.

"A quid," she said, with slow wonder, and took it from him and held it up to the light to make sure. "What are you giving me a quid for?"

"That's all right," he said awkwardly. "Now I should clear off home, and get to bed. You look wet through."

But she still held the coin on the palm of her hand and pondered over it.

"Don't you want anything for it?" she inquired, looking at him again with the expression that was so strangely womanly.

"No. If it's any good——"

"But can you spare it?"

"Yes. Hang it! I shouldn't give it you if I couldn't."

"I don't know," she said, wisely, and the comprehending glance she gave him made him colour.

There was a silence. Then her hand went to her pocket, and he breathed with relief.

"I'll take it," she said, "and it's the cleanest money I've handled for many a long year. What about your train? Shall you catch it?"

"I'll take a tram," he answered, queerly sensible of the present equality of their relationship.

"Well, I'll walk a little way with you. There's nobody about and we sha'n't be seen. I'd like to tell you what I'm going to do with this sovereign if you don't mind listening."

"I'll be very glad," he replied instantly, moved by the dragging sadness of her tone.

"It isn't much of a story," she began, as they walked on side by side. "I've had my mother living with me for several years, and last night she died.

"She wasn't much of a mother, you might think, allowing a daughter like me to live with her. But I had started before she knew, and I was right down when she found me.

"We came out here to live, and I was just as right and proper as everybody for a long time. But I broke out again at last."

She became silent.

"I suppose it was always in me," she said.

"There's something in all of us," said the young man.

"I cleared out. I went back to town. She found me again. She said she was lonely. I told her it was no good; I told her what it meant when a girl once started this. She could never marry, and no life was hers except the lights—and the music—and the streets—and the men——

"She wouldn't argue. She said she didn't care. I could do as I liked. I never understood it, but I suppose what I did didn't matter to her so much as what I was."

"A—h," said the young man.

"Yes, there is a difference, isn't there? Well, it went on—the gradual sinking from the top to the bottom. This isn't quite the bottom," she said, meaning the wet, deserted suburb, "but it's pretty near it. You would never believe the hours I wait about, and wait about—in the dark.

"I can't stand the light, you know," she added, with a short, mirthless laugh. "The only chance I've got is not to be looked at too closely . . . or for them to be drunk."

"It's horrible," said the young man.

"Last night," she went on, speaking more quickly now, for the tram terminus was near, "I was out in this road. I had got to make something, because mother was as ill as she could be and we hadn't any money at all.

"I needn't tell you everything, but if she could have had all the doctor ordered I think she'd have been alive now. It doesn't matter. I wish I could follow her."

"It's *horrible*," said the young man again.

"Yes. Only I deserve it, you see, and she didn't. That's why I'm not going to choose the easiest way and commit suicide.

"Last night I waited and waited till after two o'clock—and scarcely anybody ever goes by after half-past twelve when the pubs close. It was wet then, you remember, and it was cold. I kept on waiting, thinking that surely God would have pity on me. Yes, we can pray sometimes—when it's for the sake of somebody else. Mother was dead in bed when I got home."

She ended in an expressionless monotone, and turned to face him as they reached the lights of the main road.

"The sovereign you gave me will help to bury her," she said. "I'm not going to let the parish do it."

"What is your address?" asked the young man eagerly. "I can post more money to-morrow."

"No; I couldn't let you do any more. You've done a lot, and you can't tell what it has been to me to have somebody to tell it to. I thought I was going mad just before you came."

"But you will let me do something for you afterwards."

"No," she said finally, and put out her hand.

SPORT AND WEATHER LORE.

SIGNS THAT ARE USEFUL TO THE OPEN-AIR MAN.

A long acquaintance with the open air, and long experience of all sorts and conditions of weather, tend in time to make the sportsman an expert in reading the signs which indicate the kind of weather that is coming along sooner or later.

It may be said that all sorts come along in England within very short periods, but though this is true, it is never safe to depend upon the possibility of "samples" of weather, and it is always useful and interesting to be able to judge, from whatever material is at hand, as to the probable character of the next twenty-four hours so far as the weather is concerned.

No man has wandered far afield without collecting, almost insensibly, a number of more or less well-defined rules upon which he bases his forecast of the weather.

Chief among all weather prophets are, of course, the men who live most of their lives on the seashore and about the shallow waters where wildfowl gather.

The wildfowler himself is a perfect human barometer, knowing to an hour when change will come, and what it will bring. He will detect the approach of "dirty weather" long before a casual observer has begun to be conscious of any change.

It is always well to trust fairly implicitly the old "saws" that the country-folk express as to weather. Many ages of experience have led them to attach certain meanings to certain appearances, and though they are usually ignorant of the scientific foundation for their opinions, there is usually much truth in their views.

"A RED SKY AT NIGHT."

Thus the familiar couplet about the red sky in the morning indicating rough weather and the same thing at night indicating a continuance of fair weather are both well founded on known conditions of the atmosphere.

The principal means of telling the state of the weather are through the clouds; the sky, both by day and night, but especially at sunset and sunrise; and by the state of the atmosphere around one.

It may be accepted as a fairly accurate statement that coming events, in the way of weather, cast, if not shadows, at any rate other signs before them, and the observer of sky and cloud, and air and wind, as well as of birds and beasts, will seldom be far wrong in his surmises.

Even in towns, where most of man's natural surroundings are shut out, it is generally possible to get at the secret of the weather for short periods ahead. If it is remembered that, as a general rule, the stillness of the air means a settled condition of weather, many things may be deduced from common sights.

WHAT THE SMOKE TELLS.

The straight column of blue hazy smoke from the chimney of the keeper's lodge indicates that the atmosphere is not disturbed, that "pressure" is uniform, and that there will continue to be calm and pleasant weather.

But this sign should never be taken alone. Nor, for that matter, should any sign, but one should be checked by another. The smoke may rise straight, the evening may be still, the sky clear, and frost may be quietly whitening the earth. But if, on the horizon, there appear, ever so small, wisps of cloud that seem to be fixed in distortion and twisted into fantastic shapes, you will realise that the conditions around you are only local and temporary, and that some disturbing power, either of electricity or of strong wind, is distorting the clouds in the distance.

An immense amount may be read from the clouds, of which there are several different kinds, each brought into existence by different conditions of the atmosphere and each meaning something different in the way of weather.

The pale yellow sunset shadowed by long, level, soft dark blue layers of cloud almost invariably means that rain is in the air and will very soon fall. Coming thunder is not so clearly indicated by the white high-piled knobs of "cumulus" cloud, so common on a hot day, as by the sharp, dark little slits of cloud that lie athwart these masses like knife-blades or fishes lying horizontally.

Many a day of white cloud passes in summer without thunder, but when these sharp grey blades are also seen, then you may bet your last shilling that thunder is about. When the wind makes shrill or mournful moanings through the window sash or the cracks of the doors it is because it is laden with dampness and is blowing up to warn us of coming rain.

No dry wind, however fierce, makes that moaning noise through the crevices.

ILL-OMENED CLEARNESS.

When walking at night beneath a brilliant sky, a great deal may be learned as to the weather of the coming day. Skies are sometimes too bright to be true, as it were.

When the stars seem set like unusually brilliant gems in a surrounding black void, and when they twinkle more than they usually appear to do, it is a sure sign that the air is very clear and therefore very damp.

On the same night sounds become more defined. The whistle of a train on the railway miles away can be heard almost as clearly on such nights as if it were just over the hedge. The sound of Farmer Jones's dog barking over the fields comes more plainly than usual. Indeed, when lights and sounds such as these are more clearly defined and heard than is usual, the air is damp and rain is on the way.

BIRDS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

Birds are wonderfully susceptible to coming changes of weather, and one who knows their habits may make accurate forecasts. There is one common bird—the hedge-sparrow—which never fails to warn me of a change for the worse. Its winter note is an oft-repeated short metallic whistle.

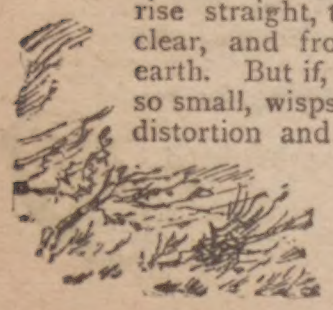
Owls, too, will give themselves up to an unusually loud, long, and late chorus of hooting for the same reason.

The present winter was expected by many sportsmen to be a rough and bleak one, and already we have had fair samples of its severity in early frosts, bleak snowstorms, and heavy gales. Their view was based upon the fact that the waterfowl that they succeeded in bringing down early in the season were much fatter than usual.

It has been observed that this peculiar provision of Nature is nearly always found before a severe winter. Another "saw" that often proves true is that "An early winter means a surly winter."

These are but a few of the methods by which a man may be guided in his choice of clothes and of occupation. By watching all Nature he learns much that is of direct service to him.

C. EASTON-GREY.



A MAN'S PLEASURES.

A CONSIDERATION OF THE MOTIVE POWER OF LIFE.

If I were to attempt to catalogue all the things that constitute a man's pleasures, I should fill several columns of this paper, so diversified are they.

They range from politics to purse-stealing, from the taming of wild animals to the serving of an imperious wife, from the satisfaction of beer-drinking to the satisfaction of total abstinence from beer or other inebriating fluid, from making airships to making love, from particular virtue to incidental vice.

They embrace sports of all kinds, games of all kinds, ambitions of all kinds. They may be clean or unclean, wholesome or the reverse. It all depends upon the nature of the man.

Get to know the pleasures of a man, and you have found a key to the character of that man.

There are puritanical people who look upon the pursuit of a pleasure as an evil which should be contended against, but such people have never the second sight to see that their denouncement of pleasure is actually their way of gaining pleasure themselves.

This suggests that we are not always conscious of what we find pleasant, which explains how it is that, looking back over the years, many of the events which give us happy reminiscence were neither prized nor noticed at the time when they occurred.

The secret of real pleasure is lightness, gaiety, spontaneity. A footballer would not feel a scrap of interest in knowing the amount of force he put behind the ball when shooting for goal, but he would feel the real leap of pleasure within his breast if he saw that he had succeeded in putting the ball between the posts.

A young man who is striving to gain some position of responsibility and increased pay with the firm for whom he works stands a far greater chance of achieving his ambition if he looks upon the ambition as a pleasure and not a toil.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who wished that somebody, while he was young, had given him "a good heart for life." The term is applicable to pleasures as well as to difficulties. Those who take their pleasures sadly—and how often you find them—are half-hearted. They lack zest, appetite, vigour; the three concomitants of manhood.

Sad pleasures are the pence, glad pleasures the pounds, in the Bank of Life.

I have already said that a man's pleasures are a sound indication of his character. Judge the truth of this by applying it to your own circle of acquaintances.

The fellow who takes a keen delight in the open air, in the exercise of his physical strength, has little of the unhealthy about his personality. He is natural, vivid, alive.

It is a world of infinite variety, and it would be bigoted to affirm that those who have no liking for such enjoyment are inferior. Some men's pleasures lie in the development of their intellectual powers.

They write music, books, plays; they paint; they preach theologies old and new; they discover the distance of the stars, the weight of the earth; they trace man's origin and speculate as to his destiny; in short, their mental exercise takes the place of the physical, and each man is entitled to decide which is preferable.

But the fact to be remembered is that they do these things because they are pleasures. And with such results coming from such a cause it is only justifiable to believe that a man's pleasures deserve to be chosen with serious regard to their importance.

They who indulge sensuality, for example, are pretty low down in the quality of their pleasures, and, because of that, in their characters.

Thinking men, however, can draw their own moral without assistance. I wonder what *your* opinion is of the pleasures that appeal to *you*.

A. G. STORM.

The Gate.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

Outside the palings of my house and across the road is a field which, like most fields, has a gate to it.

It is a very strong gate, for during an eventful existence it has borne all the society of the village at one time or another, from Farmer Ho er down to Willie Hecky, the apprentice at the cobbler's shop. It is a very long gate, so that there is ample room for nearly all those whose object in life is the good weal, sporting, social, and ecclesiastical, of Kingshorton village. Half these leading lights sit upon the upper bar, and the abler half have to stand or lounge against the posts.

On week days only corduroy trousers come into contact with it, and the leisured ones do not trouble even if they crush a small colony of young snails in the process, but on Sundays these retiring creatures are carefully removed. Red bandana handkerchiefs are produced, and the upper bar is also very carefully dusted.

All this shows a proper care and respect for "best things," and thus the black suit worn by father at grandfather's funeral is preserved in the family for generations, growing beautifully less until at last the remaining fragments are cut up, stitched to sacking, and converted into a hearthrug.

The gate occupies an "eligible central situation," at the very top of the hill, and the village, as you sit on the top bar, literally lies at your feet. So you may sit and smoke in the company of Farmer Hoffer, George Bettle, his man, Worplesdon of the Lone Barn, Mr. Tunns—a man of influence—and Thomas Trywhitt, who runs the "smokers" and is musician-in-chief to the village.

A cross-wind from the north or south—latter for choice—is preferable. When the easterly or westerly wind blows strong, the gate is rocked violently, rendering balance difficult and the seat uncomfortable.

All this tends to interrupt the steady flow of peaceable thought, and induces Farmer Hoffer (hot Tory) to argue on politics with Worplesdon (hotter Radical).

At such times George Bettle sits between them, blowing large and pacificatory clouds of smoke.

Mr. Tunns dares, occasionally, to "chip in" with a remark quite beside the point, and he is promptly crushed by Trywhitt, who has a vote in two parishes, and is, therefore, much respected by both parties. At last even George Bettle gives it up, and quietly slips off the gate.

In sad despair he wastes time striking matches on a damp boot to light a pipe that contains no tobacco.

Then Mr. Tunns gets "heartily sick of the whole thing."

Mr. Trywhitt, being bewildered by illogical argument, loses interest also, and, with a series of grunts, accompanies George Bettle and Mr. Tunns down the hill. If they glance back, they see Hoffer and Worplesdon, stuck up against the grey sky line, ever getting closer, and gesticulating as wildly as loose-jointed scarecrows in the wind.

Yet on sunny Sunday afternoons, when soft whispering breezes blow from the west, we of the gate are peaceful men, conversing in low tones or smoking in amity. Then Farmer Hoffer talks of such things as mangold wurzels, the vagaries of the barndoor fowls, the cow that has last added to the livestock on the farm.

And in all his sentiments a somnolent Worplesdon of the Lone Barn agrees with him. There are anecdotes of ducks that died mysterious deaths, of strange visitations, blights, and supernatural occurrences. Only Mr. Tunns indulges in accurate statistics and tries to reduce enchanting fiction to cold uninteresting fact.

Mr. Hoffer, leaving the agricultural topics, goes on to "mind" things that happened years ago, when the bars of the gate were new and the hinges were painted a brilliant black.

Certain good and true men who spent their leisure by the gate are no more. Mr. Hoffer reviews them as one by one they pass us in ghostly array. . . . Some turning to smile at us, because it was their wont to smile. . . . Others wearing the set expression of silent suffering, because on this earth—even on the peaceful hill—they, because of sinning, suffered.

Talking of those men who have knocked for admission at another Gate Mr. Hoffer is a different being. We watched him as, looking over the ploughed field into Nothingness, he speaks of those days of old, when the upper bar was planed true.

There is a time, it also appears, when the gate affords a resting place to other people besides the "society" of the village.

Then, the breeze of evening is blowing chill over the crest of the hill, the night birds are calling, and the little creatures of the night are out under the hedgerows. In the very hedge by the gate-posts you may hear the scuttling in the undergrowth. Weird little black forms steal across the chalky road, and only the village lights are dotted like a floating constellation beneath the shoulder of the hill.

There is a sound of hobnailed boots ascending the rise, and small, shorter steps with them. . . .

But the gate is shrouded in darkness, for even the skyline, star-gemmed though it be, is almost pitch black, and from the bottom of the hill—the doorway of the village tavern—one may only catch the impression of a long lump blacker than the black velvet background.

Upon nights when it is windy, one hears the gate groaning mournfully, as if it were bearing all the woe of those who have rested upon it aforetime. For there, 'tis said—and surely it is not for the objectionable outsider to go and verify the statement with his own unaccompanied eyes—that Cupid sometimes perches upon the hinge-post and fits his arrow into the bow, winging it straight and true. . . .

As Farmer Hoffer speaks of these things, the face of the romantic Trywhitt brightens, and the statistical Mr. Tunns looks profoundly bored. Against the hinge-post Mr. George Bettle snores in his sleep, and Worplesdon of the Lone Barn crones ancient ballads to himself.

As for me, I smoke on and listen to the "caws" of the crows that are noisily settling to rest in the tall, black trees. The outlines of the village houses are becoming hazier, and soon grey-white lights, brightening gradually, appear in the cottages of the village street at the foot of the hill. A-down the other side towards the woods, the setting sun blazes in liquid gold above the blue-purple mist that surrounds the clumps of trees.

"Let's be seein' if there's any tea at home," says Mr. Trywhitt. Awaking George Bettle with an unceremonious dig, we descend from our perch. Thus, we bid adieu, for the day, to the gate.

SIDNEY NORTH.

DANCING ETIQUETTE.

SOME BALL-ROOM HINTS.

The dancing man is, alas! every year becoming rarer, and the inability to acquit oneself well in a ball-room, which used not so very long ago to be something to be almost ashamed of, is now the commonest thing in the world, and with many men a matter for boasting.

This is undoubtedly a thing to be deplored, for, apart from the fact that dancing is a fine exercise and relaxation, and provides an excuse for most enjoyable social intercourse, it can do much to cultivate that grace and courtliness in which the men of the eighteenth century so excelled, and in which we men of the present day are on the whole so lamentably lacking.

But the rush and hurry of modern life leaves a man but little time for social recreations, and with the best will in the world he is apt to find himself rather at sea when he is turned loose in a ball-room, so that the following few hints as to the clearly defined etiquette that prevails may be of use to him.

First a word as to dress. This will, of course, consist of evening dress with a "tail coat," a white tie and dancing pumps. A white or black waistcoat may be worn as preferred, and if comfort is of more moment than exact correctness as to fashion, a soft pleated shirt is advisable.

The inexperienced dancer often makes the mistake of wearing thin socks, but you want to take almost as much care of your feet in the ballroom as on the march, and a thick embroidered merino or cashmere is the best material.

A watch-chain should not be worn, and white kid gloves are *de rigueur*. These should be put on before entering the ball-room, and it is as well to have a reserve pair in your tail pocket in case of their splitting or becoming noticeably soiled. Many men come to a dance wearing their kid gloves under white woollen outdoor gloves if they are not coming from a distance.

At a well-organised dance you will be presented with a programme before entering the ball-room, and on doing so you will be announced and will be received by your hostess, after which you will efface yourself and proceed to the filling up of your programme as soon as possible.

The wise man books the "supper dance" first, or the dance immediately before the interval, if there is to be one. If you are one of a party, or have accompanied a lady, it is your duty to see that she is provided with a partner for this dance, even if you do not apply for the post yourself.

Opinions differ very largely as to the number of dances which is permissible to have with one lady, but if you are not engaged and do not wish people to suppose that you are likely to be, three or four is about the limit.

It is best to avoid stereotyped phrases in asking for a dance, but if you must have one, "May I have the pleasure of a dance?" is most suitable.

In introducing partners, always present the gentleman to the lady, and not *vice versâ*.

Waltzes and two-steps practically monopolise the modern dance programme, with here and there a Lancers, or a "Boston," or some similar temporary favourite.

As to the actual dancing, it is impossible for me to say much on paper that would be useful, but there are two tips that I would give to the man who is not sure of his powers—always start with your own back to the centre of the room, and get the best partners you can. Many men can make quite a good showing with a partner who dances well, when with a bad dancer they are altogether at sea.

Don't say "Oh, so-and-so dances much too well for me," but get a dance with her if she will give you one, and if the girl is a good sort she will teach you a lot.

The only way to learn to dance is by practice, after you have once got an idea of the six simple steps which go to make up the waltz. And if you are not afraid of it, and dance with good partners, it will not be long before you realise why waltzing is called "the poetry of motion."

JOHN GERVAISE.

From Our Readers

HOW TO COLOUR A CLAY.

It would be interesting to know how many readers are devotees of the gentle art of colouring pipes. Doubtless the total would run into thousands; but probably the great majority of these would be men who smoked meerschaums or calabashes, and to whom the lowly clay pipe was hardly thought of.

Nevertheless, a clay pipe, even one that has not been specially prepared for the purpose, will often colour as well as the magnificent pipe with the the German name; and the beauty of its appearance when it has assumed a deep black hue at the bowl, toning down to a delicate golden brown at the mouthpiece, should be enough to fill an enthusiast's heart with justifiable pride.

For colouring purposes one should choose a long-stemmed pipe, fairly light, and made of as porous-looking a clay as possible. See that it has a waxed mouthpiece, or it will stick to your lips, but don't choose green wax, for this often contains arsenic.

If you smoke a fairly fine-cut tobacco, so much the better, for this is preferable for colouring purposes. In fact, the much-despised "shag" is the best colouring tobacco obtainable. Fill your pipe well, and smoke furiously for the first few pipefuls, so as to make the clay burning hot. After a time the bowl will become mottled with dark spots, and these, gradually merging into a harmonious whole, will make the pipe a thing of beauty to its proud possessor.

RESTLESSNESS.

There are many men, placid, easy-going fellows, who work like niggers all day long, and whose only desire, when the day's labours are over, is to sit quietly in their diggings over a pipe and the evening paper, or else "jawing" with a chosen friend on an extensive variety of subjects, ranging from billiards to the Budget.

I have always envied such men, for theirs is the placidity of common sense, and I do not possess it. I am one of the ever increasing army of "restless" men.

The restless man is for ever asking himself "What can I do next?" When he leaves his office, the thought of going home does not occur to him, or if it does it is dismissed with contumely. He goes and feeds at a restaurant, where he probably spends a lot more than he can really afford, and his next move is in the direction of a music-hall. He sits or lounges about there for perhaps half an hour; and then he gets bored.

So he goes to a billiard-room and indulges in the ruinous practice of playing the marker a series of hundreds-up on the "pay-whether-I-win-or-lose" principle.

Then, when every place of entertainment is closed, he will perhaps condescend to go home—only to do the same thing again the next day.

He doesn't do it because he thinks it's clever. He is simply obsessed with the spirit of restlessness. But in the long run, it is the quiet man who gets the pull.

A MAN'S MUSIC-HALL.

I have often thought that a welcome innovation in entertainments would be a music-hall in which every turn would be of purely masculine interest, and from which, if need were—though I doubt if patrons would be unchivalrous enough to enforce such a rule—the fair sex might be entirely excluded.

My suggestion would be that every song or "act" should deal with some sporting subject. For instance, the overture might be a selection of well-known British sporting airs; turn No. 1, a song by Mr. Stronglungs, the well-known tenor, in praise of football; turn No. 2, a five-round boxing bout—and so forth.

The great majority of my fellow-modern men will doubtless be acquainted with a humorous skit, presented by a well-known comedian, on "Motoring," and will be aware what hearty laughter this arouses from the audience. Well, I should have a similar turn at my "Man's Music-Hall."

A popular feature might be a cup or some such trophy, offered periodically for competition among any members of the audience who cared to take part in a boxing contest, all the heats to be decided in one week.

At a time when the cry of the public is ever for something new, who knows but that such a music-hall would be a highly successful venture?

HOW TO TRAIN ON THE RINK.

As long as one can remember, athletes have been grumbling at the lack of some pleasant exercise with which they may keep fit in the winter, when open-air training is not exactly a pleasure. At last their complaint has been met by the advent of the roller-skating craze.

There is a great danger, however, in training on the rink, of overdoing the thing. When fast skating comes along, coats are buttoned-up with the intention of just having a "flutter round"; but the temptation to experience the delight of whirling past the other people on the track is apt to induce the man whose original intention was merely to keep fit to extend himself.

Thus it frequently happens that when the whistle blows, he finds himself done up from no less than five minutes' steady going. It is not until that whistle sounds that one realises how hard the work has been.

To get the best out of the rink training, the five minutes allowed at most rinks for fast skating should be taken up by a long swinging run round, but by no means should those training be "all out."

Once a week the luxury of a race round for, say, half a mile may be indulged in, and after this has been going on for some time the length of the run may be extended.

Even those who are going in for racing on the rink would do well to take these tips. For regular training it is best to join one of the speed clubs, so that the runs may be taken stripped and followed by a rub down.

Those who have taken part in general racing—track, cross-country, and on the cycle-path—say that none of these can compare with the exhilaration of a "hurtle" round the rink.

ECONOMICAL PIPE-FILLING.

A friend of mine, who used jokingly to call himself "the prince of baccy-cadgers," once explained to me the best way to fill a pipe in order to get the greatest possible amount of tobacco into it.

See that your pipe-bowl is perfectly clean inside, with no sodden residue of past pipefuls left at the bottom. Then put a little tobacco into the pipe and press it well down. Do this until the bowl is full. Of course at first you will probably plug the pipe so much that it won't draw; but in a very short time you will get the knack.

A pipe packed in this way not only economises tobacco but smokes more evenly than if the tobacco had been carelessly crammed in, after the manner of most men.

GAELIC FOOTBALL.

Those who have never witnessed a game of Gaelic football have missed a treat. Those who have never taken part in one have missed a delightful experience.

There is a dash and a go about it as played over in the Green Isle that is lacking in either Soccer or Rugby. When a Gael plays, he plays to some purpose. Under Gaelic rules football is a fine exercise—brings all the muscles into play.

It differs from football proper in the fact that there is little or no high kicking, the hand being used with great frequency.

The players number seventeen a-side, and the ground is about 180 yards long and 120 wide.

The lines are marked by flags, and half-way between the goals is a line, where the players stand in rows opposite each other.

The referee throws up the ball, and the game begins.

No player is allowed to touch another except by shouldering him away from the ball.

The ball may be struck by the hands at any moment, and passing in mid-field is also done with the hands.

The game is decided by points—a goal being equivalent to three—and generally it comes to an exciting finish.

DON'T FORGET YOUR CRICKET BATS.

Though at the present season of the year the wind still whistles through the leafless branches of the trees o' nights, and it is pleasant to sit over a cheerfully glowing fire, with a pipe between your teeth that glows equally cheerfully, still, the ardent cricketer does not forget that before many months are over glorious sunshine will bathe the green meadows of England, and glint merrily upon the wickets pitched thereon.

So that from time to time he goes to the cupboard or locker in which he keeps miscellaneous sporting treasures, and with tender hands brings to light an array of cricket bats, one, perhaps, resplendent in its newness, and others old and battered, veterans of the field, but the dents in their faces their master regards with pride, for they are in the "right part" of the bat, and denote correct timing.

Then he grubs about again in the locker and unearths a disreputable bottle of oil and an even more disreputable rag. With these he proceeds to anoint the faces of his trusty willows, giving more oil in proportion to the newness of the bat, for bats harden with use, and need less and less oil with every game.

But even the oldest bat ought to have a wipe over with oil at least once a month in winter, otherwise it becomes brittle, and liable to split with the first big drive of the season.

There is no need, however, to soak the bat in oil as some men do, and it is not really necessary to oil both sides of the blade.

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Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. T. A. Barton, 26, The Grove, Vauxhall, for "How to Train on the Rink."

A TERRITORIAL STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN: INVADER.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

For all manner of work, in all manner of Territorial units, there is nothing like enthusiasm, and plenty of it, finally to bring joy to the adjutant when he makes his business-like speech at the annual Squadron Dinner.

"B" Squadron, of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry, has always been noted for two things—good in their way. These are unadulterated enthusiasm and the initiative audacity of thoroughly English youth.

Grey-moustached captains, and inspecting brigadier-generals, while deeply appreciating the former, learn after many years of experience to connive at the latter.

Sergeant-majors, who have their war-baptised trigger fingers on the pulse of the non-commissioned officers and men, know precisely how far to give rein to brazen effrontery, and, as they learn to distinguish a playful disposition from a purely vicious temper in a horse, so do they become, in mind, efficient connoisseurs of Territorial young men.

In the past—if one took to analysing things—it seemed that Kernahan's *raison d'être* for a Territorial existence was—horsemanship. Set the troop into a racing-pace gallop, and you thereby handed to Kernahan a free pass into the realms of joy. It was real, throbbing life to him to lead the troop, wheeling, with a glorious far-flung sweep, into line on the undulating downs beyond the wind-swept town of Brermouth.

But with winter's days, a period of unbearable inactivity had set in for Trooper Kernahan of the King's Own.

The Sergeant-Major had smilingly turned a deaf ear to Kernahan's Januarian entreaty for something in the nature of a field day, when the general weekly "holiday," combined with fine weather, offered a suitable opportunity. Trooper Kernahan, in Shakespearean phrase, was decidedly *no:* one who cared to "sheath his sword from lack of argument."

The authorities, however, officially consider that the climatic conditions of the British Isles from January 1st until the middle of March, are of the anti-mounted-drill order. Therefore, beautiful days in mid-winter are missed, and no Yeoman is asked to put his leg over a horse until the snows and frosts of the English spring set in. Then that Yeoman may shiver at the walk on the opening (and farcical) "recruits' stamp round," and pray for the fast trot order that so adversely pulls at the heart strings of the untutored novices.

During such off times certain good Yeomen of this country see in the squadron's somnolence on a perfect winter's day flagrant sin on the part of the authorities who do not make ample arrangements for such happy emergencies.

"It isn't a drill we ask for," Trooper Kernahan said one winter's dismounted-drill night to Sergeant-Major Brighton, of Squadron "B." "All we require is something in the nature of cross-country work. Give us some sort of object in life, even if it *does* entail cleaning up our saddlery."

"What you want, Mr. Kernahan," the grey-moustached Sergeant-Major observed, "is War. In the meantime why not rejoin our noble band of signallers. I remember you were on the point of making yourself very proficient when ——"

"It meant less riding at camp," the Trooper put in, protestingly.

"—— when you chucked it up," the Sergeant-Major persisted. "*Now* Stephen, who was behind you, is a past-master at the game, while we have hopes even of Carteret."

"Signallers!" There was derison in Kernahan's tone. "No thank you! I believe our Stephen is a useful youth at the game. Besides, we're nuts on signalling already. Doesn't the Colonel pray nightly that we may reach a similar state of proficiency at shooting? Anyhow, it doesn't come up to the legitimate business of a cavalryman. First of all, there is a period of weeks upon weeks on the tick-tacking sounder. Then you flap flags about in the draughty drill-hall. After that you're kindly allowed to twink the lights along the beach, or from the top of church-towers, on cold nights—*very* cold, Sergeant-Major.

"Stephen may call it an art—but art is not in my line. A cavalryman's one thing, but, damn it, a post-office clerk's another! Give me something with a bit in its mouth, a good saddle on its back—the whole combined with a dash of spirit—and I'm your man!"

Yet, following upon this very closely, came Kernahan's surprising announcement to the Sergeant-Major that he wished to make one of those whom he had practically designated as martyrs to Territorialism.

In soft words he confessed to conversion by Stephen and Cartaret, admitted the error of his ways, and entered hotly into the perusal of advanced Army hand-books on signalling. The Sergeant-Major said nothing—but awaited developments with strictly unofficial interest.

It was the quietly observant Sergeant-Instructor Stavely, of the Brermouth Cyclist Company, who enlightened him on the subject.

Sergeant-Major Brighton had taken a pipe and a very considerable hump to the excellent Stavely, whose residential quarters practically formed an annexe to the Brermouth Drill Hall.

"I must confess," the Sergeant-Major observed, seating himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and fixing his wise eye on Stavely's presentation clock, "that for once I don't understand our Trooper Kernahan." And he detailed the matter of the signalling instruction class.

Stavely smiled thoughtfully.

"Oh I begin to see things *now*," he said at last, "but, perhaps, it isn't fair——"

"I'm listening *un*-officially," said the Sergeant-Major. "*Quite!*"

"So be it. Well, of course, you know that all the Terriers of Brermouth at one time or another use the outside of this habitation of mine as an expansive leaning post. They exchange confidences, perhaps not knowing that my window is usually open a little at the top.

"It is not fair to listen to young men, but I have not yet found the man who, when his own name is mentioned, had the moral courage to tear himself away from his own fire place in order that he might not hear what was going on outside his window—especially when it related slightly to himself."

"No," observed the Sergeant-Major, sympathetically. "This is a trying world for moralists. Go on."

He reached down the Sergeant-Instructor's tobacco jar, and thoughtfully filled his rich and ancient briar.

"Well, it was only a few nights ago. You know Gibson, of course—our Sergeant Gibson, no end of a decent chap, and far deeper than he appears on first sight."

"Thank you," said the Sergeant-Major, feelingly, "I do. He draws caricatures, has 'em framed, and stuck up in the billiard-room. I always maintain that he overdrew my moustache, and my eyes weren't within a mile so fiery as that young gentleman depicted them. Know him? Yes, thank you, very much!"

His mind drifted to a "Spy"-like caricature labelled "Lord Brighton of Khartoum"—from the deft pen of Sergeant Gibson, whose art as an autograph album decorator was unsurpassed in all Brermouth.

"I've suffered the same as you," the Sergeant-Instructor said, a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "But to get back to the horses, as you might say, the first thing to strike my ears that evening—I was sitting in this very chair—was:

"'Of course, it's making old Kernahan sick. He shows it plainly, but Brighton sort of observes things casually and says nothing. In the meantime it's blood to Captain Mackley and old Stavely, to say nothing of my noble self.'

"It was Gibson's voice, unmistakably. I should know that slow, inconsequential drawl anywhere.

"Then Teddy Broughton knocked his smelly old pipe out on my window-sill, as usual, and said:

"'Yes. You can see old Kernahan is a bit sick to see our crowd getting ahead. I saw him the other night, and he asked me where I was going to in all my war paint. Told him it was only another night coast defence scheme of Mackley's and Stavely's. Then I asked him why he didn't chuck up the "Dormouse Brigade" that did nothing all the winter. He fumed, and I promptly hopped on to my bike. As I rode off, I told him there were no vacancies, though, in the Cyclists for superannuated Militiamen.'

"At this old Gibson fairly roared.

"'I'll bet Kerny was still sore over the details of our little scheme that I carefully showed him. It was all beautifully got out (by Mackley), with plans quite correct, especially with regard to signalling-points, stations along the coast line at Prawleston, everything all complete, after Mackley's usual style,' said Gibson.

"'He asked me what was the use of it. I said it was all to show that, Cyclists being the first line of mobile defence in case of invasion, *we* were prepared to do *our* part at any moment.

"'He saw we had no opposition Force-in-Being then. *I* said that, of course, when you worked it all out and assumed the worst, it still showed that we could cope with any sudden swoop on our line of coast patrol, because a small body of really *efficient* men in a friendly district, and possessing full knowledge of the country's peculiarities, could upset a far larger body not possessing those advantages.

"'I asked him, then, what the Blankshires were doing for their bloomin' country, 'specially as they considered themselves Heaven-blessed signallers. Kerny cussed very softly to himself, I could see *that*. He tried to score off me by saying that one could not make efficient calculations upon paper, and that we had no actual enemy, as in the case of field operations. Further, he denounced the scheme as inadequate because of this.

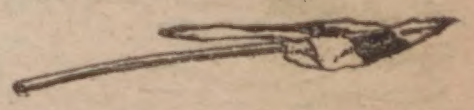
"'Then I asked him why "B" Squadron didn't prove it. It fairly shrivelled him up. I was going to say something more about the "Dormouse Brigade," but I didn't care to, seeing just how he felt about things generally.'

"'That's all right,' said Teddy Broughton. 'It's one to *us* for a change. Now what about that drink you were talking about?'

"And off they went."

The Sergeant-Instructor stoked the fire into a blaze.

"A second later I heard a stirring in my doorway, and two Yeomen got out of ambush. I



knew they were Yeomen, because I could detect the jingle of their spurs. When I heard your Mr. Kernahan's voice, of course, I *knew* it.

"'The blighters!' said someone at last. It was Stephen.

"'The cheek of Gibson!' Kernahan said. 'Things can't go on like this!'

"'It's their good signalling they are tackling this scheme upon,' said Stephen. 'Now if you were any good at lamp-reading, Kerny, we *might*. But you aren't,' he says.

"'Don't you believe it!' said Kernahan. 'I can soon pick it up again. A fortnight's practice will nearly bring me up to the date of Mackley's latest scheme for repelling a surprise invasion—*surprise*, mind you, Stephen,' he says. 'If there's any sport left in the Tenth Legion, by gosh, they shall have it! We can then show 'em (or try to) just how an invading force *might* beat them. And quite fairly, too, starting from Prawleston beach itself, you know. The authorities say that's a regular danger spot. What do you think of that, Stephen. At least we must *try*. Besides it will be an instructive game.'

"'It means that you will have to join the signallers at *once*,' says Mr. Stephen ——"

The Sergeant-Major had been leaning forward listening to the words of Stavely.

"I *see!*" he said, feelingly, as he sank back into the armchair, "quite between ourselves, mind you, Stavely, but I *see*."

"So do I," said the Sergeant-Instructor, "but I'm inclined to be blind—officially."

II.

In the winter the grey North Sea, running in long rollers, breaks hissing and splashing upon the breakwater at Prawleston, which, as is intended, bears the full force of the incoming tide.

Prawleston, the fashionable annexe to Brermouth in the summer, is a bleak, red-roofed fishing village in winter, frequented by few except blue-jerseyed, big-booted fishermen, and certain others who prefer solitude to the comfort of the easy-chair and the family circle.

The night of the testing of Captain Mackley's coast defence method found Trooper Kernahan with Trooper Alexander upon the long, concrete breakwater that extends its long arm into the blackened deep, and stems the sweeping tide of the North Sea.

It was a calm evening, however, with the moon shining in the brilliantly-starred canopy of night. Clear and cold its rays danced on the pond-like sea, and somewhere in the void where the white sand beach stretched, the little breakers tinkled on the shingle . . . receded and made up again.

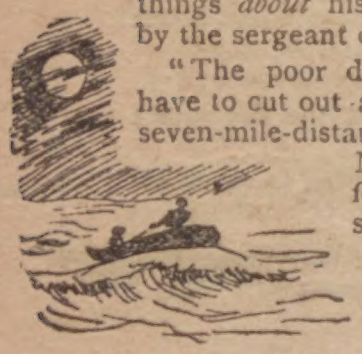
At the evening drill, Kernahan's Tenth Legion—his right hand men—had turned out in force, even to the lately recruited but efficient James Alexander. All along that beach they were stationed at intervals. The broken sand-dunes, they knew, held the hosts of Mackley, who were taking up positions with all the stealth necessary to the Real Thing.

Soon, over the darkened blankness of the heath and low cliff land, little lights winked convulsively.

"They're off!" said Trooper Kernahan. "Let's see how they establish communication, and give 'em a chance."

The first lights burned near, and were answered after a ten-minute interval a mile and a half down the coast line.

"Not bad," Kernahan commented, "considering they have to skirt round by the roads. Observe, James my boy, that they start with, say, four detachments of men. Into the minds of the members of each detachment — especially Gibson's—has been sunk the maxim that promptitude and accuracy does it! Each man has his post, each his duties, each his objections to certain things *about* his duties (immediately suppressed by the sergeant commanding the detachment).



"The poor devils of privates (imagine 'em!) have to cut out along the high-road towards the seven-mile-distant most easterly point, Tofter Ness, at a sweating pace, mainly for the reputation of the said sergeants, incidentally for the success of the scheme. Then they have practically to stack their bikes behind a hedge and cut into the heath or the rising cliff land. Detachment Number Two dives in, say, a mile and a half down; Three, a similar distance further on; Four establishes communication with the Midshire Cyclists' Fourth Detachment by signal. Thus the coast line is defended. Thus we repel our Enemies—on paper!"

He stopped to light his pipe, while Trooper Alexander rolled a cigarette between his frozen fingers.

"Now Mackley flatters himself that every inch of the coast is, upon the completion of the scheme—the linking-up with the Midshires' Tofterton detachment—efficiently patrolled. In fact, any person passing through the lines is challenged."

"That sounds uncomfortable for *some* people," observed Alexander, smiling in the moonlight.

"They know it, bless you. In fact, I have heard of young men who have been cut out in the end by the challenger. Spoils of war, you know, and——"

"Yes. But what's *that*?"

Trooper Alexander pointed across the dark beyond the beach.

"Detachment Number Two, I expect. . . . No, it isn't . . . seems to be a steady light but very powerful, waving on top of the cliff. Now what the deuce ——"

Kernahan turned his night glass upon it.

"Big acetylene lamp," he said. "What do you make of it, Alexander?"

"Ditto," replied Alexander after a momentary inspection. "What's it there for?" he said.

"First question that should occur to a scout. You're coming on," said Trooper Kernahan, approvingly.

"There's something else I've noticed while you've been talking, Kernahan."

"Go on. Where? . . . I say how funnily that light is behaving. Reminds me of the stories about the wreckers of the old days!"

"Exactly, but remember we're living in the present—which demands an explanation of that light."

"Yes. But what's the something else you've noticed?"

"Well, I can't understand why steamers should cruise about near the shore with lights out. I'm a town man, so perhaps I may be talking without my book. . . . Here take the glass . . . look . . . There!"

"That's funny, too!" said Kernahan, whistling softly.

"If it wasn't for the bright moonlight——"

"You're right, Alexander. It wouldn't be seen at all! It's more directly opposite Stephen's little section than ours. We'd better call up Stephen. Let's see. What's his code name?"

"S. V. and the long flash. Think we'd better give Gibson's lot such early cause for wonder?"

"In this case Gibson's lot and our virtual rivalry seem rather secondary somehow," said Trooper Kernahan grimly.

By the night lamp they communicated with the two-mile-distant Stephen, who, with others of the Tenth Legion, nestled under a cliff ready for Kernahan's instructions to make the attempt to get through the Brermouth Cyclists' lines, at a favourable moment and by certain devious routes that were, to Kernahan's mind, weak spots in the defences.

Stephen, who had a closer view, confirmed by a series of luminant dots and dashes that there were no lights of any description upon the steamer. He added:

"*Boat putting off.*"

Trooper Alexander logged the message.

"By Jove! so it is," said Kernahan.

There was a black dot in motion upon the moonlit waters.

Trooper Kernahan put down his night glass.

"Alexander," he said, slowly, "I'm going to signal to Stephen to intercept anyone landing from that boat!"

"You're thinking of the gentlemen who landed on the coast of Yorkshire, to see whether a small force could be disembarked unobserved?" said Alexander.

"Yes. P'r'aps they're trying the same game here. Good Gad! Foreigners can walk into and out of this country just how they like, I believe. . . . Personally I don't think they will waste much time writing ultimatums when it *does* come, and they say it *is* coming"—Kernahan was busy with the night-lamp—"hence these little complimentary visits. You know the game. Of course if We don't think you're at home when We call, We don't trouble to knock. Savvy?"

"Yes. In other words: We would rather you were *not* at Home, so that we can value the pictures in your House without being considered guilty of a breach of etiquette. That's what you mean, Kernahan?"

"Precisely. Now we've got to hop it sharp. We *may* be in time for the fun."

Swiftly they climbed down the iron rungs of the beachward end of the breakwater, and, taking to the firm sand of the foreshore, cut along in the dark at a steady pace. They pulled up where a gesticulating group of Yeomen gathered round a beached boat.

The situation was evidently strained.

Trooper Stephen was carrying out Kernahan's instructions with a hazy idea that he was interfering in something which might not be his business. A dark-moustached, large-featured foreigner was addressing him in but slightly-accented English. He appeared to be doubtful of Stephen's standing in the British Army.

Kernahan intervened.

"Oh, we're Territorials," said Trooper Kernahan.

The stranger turned the word over in his mind, while his oar-bearing subordinates stood respectfully silent.

"Territorials. . . . That is not the same as the Standing Army of Great Britain—not so good . . . not so well trained?"

"That remains to be proved," said Trooper Kernahan sententiously.

"So? Ah, well, of course, patriotic young men, eh? But not what you call—call——"

"Efficient," Trooper Carteret suggested blandly. The foreigner smiled a teethy smile.

"Ah, well, good evening," said the stranger gravely, and proceeded to walk up the beach.

"Perhaps we can direct you somewhere," said Kernahan hopefully.

"No, *thank* you."

"I mean," Kernahan persisted, "that if you want to find the best place for landing, let us say—troops—we might be of some assistance to you!"

It was a chance shot; but it went home. Kernahan mentally registered a bull's-eye. The stranger cursed softly.

"And that's why you've called!" Alexander observed sarcastically. "So nice of you."

The foreign gentleman, not caring to come to open conflict with the becloaked Yeomen who pressed round him so engagingly, stopped on the beach.

"Very well, sir," he said to Kernahan, "I accept your offer to direct me."

"Then take my tip and don't land 'em here," said Kernahan, his eyes twinkling. "Look at those cliffs up there and imagine them bristling with rifles in the hands of the local Territorials. They're rather enthusiastic here, and that makes up for a great deal. . . . Now what chance would a landing force stand against them?"

"The landing force would lose men, of course. . . . They could afford it!" The stranger snapped out the last sentence. "There are not enough of your kind, sir. Not enough! And—" He raised a deprecatory hand. "It is a big shame, for what chance have half-trained boys against trained men? Ah, I lived in London. I know. I know. They think it is play—just a game!"

"A game? Yes. Well, I can show you how they play it! Come with us."

"But really, sir, the matter does not interest me. I am Captain of that ship. I land here for provisions."

"You're three miles from anywhere," Stephen put in innocently, "and you're out of lamp oil, I believe."

"Perhaps you would have the goodness to

direct me," said the stranger, temporising again.

"Certainly," said Trooper Kernahan. "Good night, Stephen! Come on, Alexander. Er—Stephen!"

A disappointed "Hullo" came out of the darkness.

"Don't think it's any use *fishing* any longer to-night."

"Oh, all right."

"Just entertain this gentleman's friends for a little while."

"We'll be kind to 'em. But I suppose you don't happen to have a German-English dictionary on you?"

"No!" Kernahan laughed.

Alexander and Kernahan led their new acquaintance by devious and difficult paths up the earth-bouldered cliff slopes, and, topping the cliff edge, they cut across the heath.

Warning lights, dotted at regular intervals, appeared to their view out of the uncertain dark.

Kernahan was conducting the stranger by the route he believed to be a weak spot in the defences.

"Of course, if the matter interests you," he said to the stranger, "I might tell you the full meaning of those lights." They were skirting the high gorse now, and making for the road.

There was a stirring behind a low hedge.

"Halt! Who goes there!" the challenge rang out clearly in the still night air.

It was Gibson's voice, high above its usual drawl.

"Two friends—and another," said Kernahan, heartily. "And bravo, old Gibson! Thought you'd leave this place unprotected. Let me introduce you to this gentleman, who has just come in at the Back Door."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Gibson, without reserve.

A similar emotion swelled the heart of the stranger, but he said nothing.

* * * * * *

They went through the formality of knocking up startled shopkeepers at sleepy Prawleston, and quite obligingly Troopers Kernahan and Alexander assisted their maritime friend to bear the provisions, by an easier path, to his boat.

They found Stephen, the rest of the Tenth Legion, and the men from the ship reduced to complete silence and smoke.

The "Captain" with a smile waved a gauntlet-gloved hand to them all as he embarked, and his oarsmen pulled away clear of the shores of England.

"Good-bye!" he said, cheerily.

Kernahan watched the boat pulling off into the night.

"*Au Revoir!*" he shouted.

A ONE-SIDED "SMOKE."

Say you are seated in a smoking carriage on your way to or from business. Somehow or other you feel ill at ease. Something is wrong, but you don't know what it is. You feel uncomfortable; that something is "getting on your nerves." Then you look round the compartment to find out what it is—and at last you know.

The man opposite to you is smoking a one-sided cigar!

To light one's cigar or cigarette, and after the first few puffs find it burning all down one side, is by no means the least of the trials that life has to offer one. A one-sided "smoke" is a depressing sight to look upon.

Here is a way of bringing a one-sided cigar or cigarette back to a shape of delightful symmetry.

Lather with water or with saliva, moisten the cigar or cigarette all round, starting at the bottom of the glowing portion. Make it as wet as you like, only don't put it out. Then with a match, set light to the unburned "side."

This will shrivel up and turn to ash, but will burn no further than the point at which you have moistened the cigar—or cigarette. Then all you have to do is to light up again and smoke in peace.

January Fishing

SOME GOOD SPORT THAT MAY BE HAD JUST NOW.

Doubtless, at this season of the year, in many a cosy bachelor den, where a red fire blazes and a fragrant aroma arises from a multitude of seasoned briars, the talk often turns o' nights to the fishing joys of the bygone summer.

For by now most anglers have long ago put away in their winter quarters in the "locker" the rods and creels, winches, and books of gaily-hued flies that a few months ago delighted their hearts, when the pollard willows wore a sparse garb of green and a kindly sun shone warmly over all.

But why?

For the ardent angler—and it is safe to say that few men who take up the sport for any length of time manage to withstand its subtle attraction—the ardent angler, I say, need not despair of finding, even at this time of the year, sport well worthy of his skill.

It is with the object of proving to the angling readers of THE MODERN MAN—and they, in all probability, are to be counted in thousands—that excellent sport can be had at very little expense even in the month of January, when few of them would dream of indulging in the sport of their choice, that this article is put before them.

FISH THAT ARE IN SEASON.

The sea-angler, especially, can have a splendid time, for at most places round our coast halibut, codling, pollack, whiting, and bream can be taken just now.

The best localities to choose are, perhaps, the seaport towns and fishing villages on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. You should choose, if possible, a spot where a ridge of high rocks runs well out to sea; then go out to the farthest point which is not submerged or surrounded at high water, and set to work.

You won't need any special kit or paraphernalia. Just a pair of strong boots, leggings, a waterproof coat—not too long, for a flapping skirt impedes the angler and scares his prospective victim—and a cloth cap or hat, and you are fixed up. Then, in the way of impedimenta, all you need is a stout rod, or a reliable line, a can of worms, and a creel—you'll want a big one if you go to work properly. The turn of the tide, whether from the ebb to the flood or *vice-versâ*, is a time when sea-fish—especially codling—are most voracious and caught in the largest numbers.

Have you ever caught a sea-trout?

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF.

This is one of the most sporting of sea-fish, and the lucky angler who lands one—let alone a good creelful—has done something that he may with the utmost justification boast of in the cosy taproom of the "Fisherman's Rest" or "Angler's Arms" at the close of the day.

The most suitable place for finding this fish is the tidal estuary of a river. You will often come across pools of what is known as "slack" water, where, when the tide is rising, sea-trout will stop and rest, waiting for the ebb, when they will drop back.

You should creep up as carefully as you can when the tide is on the flood and gently cast some small pieces of fresh worms into one of these pools. Then bait your hook with a whole worm, as lively as possible, and cast it out so that it floats lightly on the surface. If there are any fish in the pool, you won't have much difficulty in hooking one, but that is a far cry from landing him. You will have to exert all your skill with the rod before you manage to swing him, gasping, on the seaweed at your feet.

For the angler who is wedded to the banks of streams, sport is not perhaps so easily and inexpensively obtained; but for those who can afford a cheap week-end ticket to such places as Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, and Llandrindod (the tongue-twisting character of these names suffices to tell you they are in Wales) there are ample opportunities for great fun at this time of the year.

Llanwrtyd is a quiet little village on the banks of the Yrfon, a tributary of the Wye, and is reached by rail from Builth, from which it is twelve miles distant.

By staying at one of the local inns one can obtain permission to fish in preserved water, where sometimes salmon comes up from the Wye. Close by is Abergwessin, where good trout-fishing can be obtained, for the fish readily rises to artificial fly.

One can arrange very moderate week-end terms at inns in such little villages, and one can often get within easy reach of them with a cheap week-end excursion costing perhaps twelve or fifteen shillings. The sportsman who can afford to spend a couple of pounds on his week-end's angling should find this sum easily cover all his expenses.

THE ORTHODOX FLY.

Here is the fly to use at this season, described by the gentle Izaak Walton:

"A red-brown, with wings of the male of a mallard, almost white; the dubbing of the tail of a black-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes and turns to a red-brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because it will not dye, but retains its natural colour. And this fly is taken in a warm sun this whole month (January) through."

These are the words of the gentle Izaak; and it is on this unassailable authority that I base the statement I made early in this article—namely, that even in this, perhaps the bleakest month of the year, there is no reason why the ardent angler's rod should lie in idleness.

S. C. JARROW.

A SHAVING BRUSH TIP.

No matter whether you use an up-to-date safety razor or one of the ordinary kind, the trouble you experience with your shaving brush is just the same.

The bristles work loose and you find them deposited on your skin along with the lather. Often a bristle will deflect the razor and make it cut you, and in any case it is unpleasant to find your shaving brush coming to pieces.

Here is the remedy.

Take your shaving brush and squeeze the bristles to one side, force a wedge of paper or wood into the gap, and melt some gutta-percha over the gas. You can get enough from any indiarubber shop for a penny, and it can best be melted in the lid of a tin can.

When the gutta-percha is in a liquid state, remove the wedge and pour it in beside the bristles. As it dries, move the bristles about, to allow it to get at the root of each.

When the rubber hardens it will hold each bristle as in a vice.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XLVII. THE STABLE-YARD.

There is some elusive charm in pottering around a stable-yard—something old-world in the cobble-stones thereof, something truly sporting in its equine associations — and the spirit of that cheery Dickensian coachman, Weller, senior, haunts the place, but haunts it pleasantly.

Yet it is no rendezvous even for optimistic ghosts, for from the moment you pass between the white-painted gate-posts you realise that you have struck a patch of humming, hissing, and bustling life.

Outside, in the streets of the town, there may be but little stirring, the very cattle-market is literally dull, the smoke-room of the ancient hostelry is deserted, ay, even unto the modernised billiard-room, where poor "commercials," suffering from the acute depression in trade, usually play "no-limit" snooker-pool and quaff sordid whiskies-and-sodas.

At such blank times, if you are friendly with any of the workers in the stable-yard, from the head ostler to the smallest (and most cheeky) stable-boy, you may, by entering their domain, banish the clouds of discontent. Once again you are in the land of the strenuous, once again you are alive!

THE MEN YOU MEET.

In the clank of the buckets there is melody, nothing to jar unkindly upon the nerves of even the most sensitive, for all is as it should be. All helps to make up the joyous atmosphere and the lively scene.

Are you inclined to the society of fine, virile men? You have them here. Or, mayhap, an inborn penchant for the study of your fellow-men has given you a taste for associating with the odd make-up of humanity. Drop your identity, your "pride" (and perhaps twopence into a horny paw), and they are yours for the asking in the stable-yard.

But as you value your life do not "get in the way," man! And, as you value your clothes, stand clear of the man in shirt-sleeves who is washing down the brougham over against the coach-house.

It may be mid-winter and the frosty air may chill. His big arms are red and his strong hands blue, but no matter. He does not care, he will tell you, for a "little pinch of Jack Frost's snuff."

STABLE DISCIPLINE.

Unflinching he dips the massive wet rag into the muddy-watered pail and proceeds heartily with his job. He has a lieutenant in the person of a small boy who, with much musical splashing, fills the buckets two at a time at the pump in the middle of the yard.

Very early this youth learns the watchword of all stables, which is "Be quick about it." You see the ostler has a heavy hand and ofttimes a corrective cane. Justice is swift in the stable-yard, and execution follows quickly upon the pronouncing of the sentence.

The ostler has been through the mill himself, and knows that the judicious application of the rod will but improve the promising boy. Thus the youth learns in time to do a thing "at once, if not sooner." This old-fashioned training is the root of the good order which prevails in all "Livery and Bait" yards worthy of their ancient name to-day.

From an open door comes the sound of much hissing. It needs no Sherlock Holmes to decide that, inside, a stableman is attending to the toilet of one of the "carriage horses"—quite an aristocrat of the stable-yard, this.

If you evince any interest, the man "doing" the horse will tell you that his charge has what is professionally known as a "superb action," and is a cut above anything in the stable. In fact, the doctor who hires him out by the week often uses him for saddle when an epidemic of good health sets in and stethoscopes are at a discount. (Not that he's much of a horseman, sir!)

Encourage him into the expression of his opinions, and you will find that he will wax very humorous upon the subject of other people's horsemanship, tacitly leaving you, at the finish, to draw the conclusion that if ever a good horseman walked into that yard it is he.

UNPARDONABLE IGNORANCE.

If your own horsemanship is of the indifferent order, you may be inclined to think that if to be humorous one must be unkind, it is as well not to be humorous. Yet the judgment of the stable-yard spares not, and ignorance upon the subject of horseflesh is almost as inexcusable to a stableman as ignorance of the law is to a judge of the High Court—with the exception that the stableman has 50 per cent. more knowledge in his particular line.

Saunter down to the stables where the indifferent hackneys are, and you will be received with as much touching of battered hats and ragged caps as is accorded to a generous M.F.H. at a small farmers' dinner.

For here you may rub elbows (avoid a literal construction upon this sentence, if possible) with just about the lowest forms of humanity—broken-down "small" gamblers, footmen who have lost their characters, and one-time "sporting" men who have taken the wrong turning. These are the stable "hangers-on"—far more interesting, and in some cases far more intelligent than the regular hands, owing to their destitution.

If this strikes you as a paradox, remember there is nothing like poverty to sharpen the wits, and, left to his own devices, a broken-down gambler is usually far more resourceful than an "unfortunate" bankrupt tradesman.

TALENT GONE WRONG.

The aforesaid "character"-less footman probably lost his good name, too, through an attempt to get rich quick by means of some daring but thwarted scheme, the construction of which would have been beyond the brain power of the stableman who now draws his money regularly every Saturday as a reward of praiseworthy but unimaginative virtue. Yet to these ill-balanced but much-idea'd men a "pint" (at twopence) is a godsend and a pipe of tobacco a luxury. Supply them with these, and it is not unlikely that you will hear some strange yarns, none the less remarkable because of their added fiction.

From these, the victims of grim circumstance, it is refreshing to turn to the head of the stable-yard, its leading light and moving spirit, the ostler-in-charge. No mere ordinary person ever addresses a smart, spick-and-span ostler without knowing at once that it is impracticable to make England altogether democratic. It would knock out the embodiment of respectful, but also highly respectable, servitude—the head ostler.

If you are of the "right sort" (as he terms it) his method of treating you will make you at once a partisan of the aristocracy and a supporter of the House of Lords.

Why? Because his method of address raises you to your loftiest plane, and you cannot disagree with your station—actually possessive of it sincerely implied. It is beyond the powers of the reddest-dyed democrat, for, truly, this is a land of snobs, which at heart worships nothing so much as a drop of "blue blood" and the "guinea stamp" of rank, despite its Graysons! Thus if a vicious mount makes your blood run cold, the old family-servant respect of the ostler who assists you to dismount will turn that same blood "blue"—in imagination.

THE HARNESS-ROOM.

There is, of course, his social side, which allows him to accept a pipe of tobacco from you, or a sixpenny tip much as Jeames permits himself the honour of trying one of his young lordship's cigars. If *perfectly* certain that you will not consider it in the light of a "liberty," he may go to the length of asking you into his trimly-kept harness-room, where a cosy fire burns in winter in a tiny enclosed stove in the centre of the brick floor.

There, amid the smell of composition and the bright reflecting glint of polished nickel or silver parts upon the harness, it may be that he will thaw a little and will contrive to leave the "sir" quite out of some few sentences.

But unless you roundly abuse him it is more than likely that his tone of address will never exceed in familiarity that adopted by a probationer in conversation with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Really, it is hard to believe that his very title of "ostler" is derived from an objectionable term applied to his kind aforetime. That term (alas!) was "oat-stealer."

To-day, however, that good man is in the better position of having meritoriously lived his bad name down. Thus kindly old Father Time corrects all things—even in stable-yards.

PETER GILCHRIST.

PARTING YOUR HAIR.

No doubt there are countless readers of THE MODERN MAN who possess heads of hair which obstinately resist the tender offices of the comb and brush.

To such men the task of parting their hair is generally attended with much vexation of spirit, for it is very difficult in such circumstances to make the well-defined, rigidly straight parting in which most men take a secret pride. Here is a dodge which will put this matter to rights.

Instead of wetting your brushes or your comb, take your sponge or a corner of a towel, soak it in water, and make a wet streak along the side or centre of your head where you wish to make a parting. This will make the hair "sit down," and then it will be easy to draw the comb sharply along the line required.

A GOOD RUB-DOWN.

How often do we read of prominent athletes being laid up and incapacitated for a long time as the result of a chill caught in the field! One sees such a case in the sporting papers almost every day; and instances of pneumonia being developed in this way are more numerous than it is pleasant to think of.

But it is indisputable that the percentage of illnesses contracted on the field of sport would be materially diminished if men would only pay more attention to the "rub-down," the importance of which is so emphatically impressed on them by every doctor. Professionals in very few cases neglect it, because they are always under the orders of a trainer; but in the case of amateur devotees of football, running, rowing, and kindred sports, the number of men who simply change back into their ordinary kit without a thought of "rubbing down" is growing every day to an alarming extent.

It matters little how much you may have been sweating; if you have a good rub-down before dressing again, you will not catch cold.

Curio Hunting

A HOBBY FOR THE INDOOR MAN.

You can give fancy prices for curios, and you can also buy fancy curios, but you can make this indoor hobby as expensive or as cheap as you like.

There is also a good deal of excitement and sport to be got out of curio hunting. It brings you into strange company and takes you into queer places.

There is a particularly fine hunting ground in the neighbourhood of the London docks, if you want curious specimens from foreign lands, in the shape of shells, skins, horns, weapons of savage warfare, bits of ivory, and so forth; and you may turn up some funny relics of the past in the curiosity shops up West.

BEGINNING TO COLLECT.

It is better, however, to have some definite plan in going in for curios, and not to burden yourself with a lot of unportable rubbish. Don't attempt too much at first.

Leave the big things of antiquity alone. A suburban villa or City digs won't accommodate the fixtures of a large museum, as an acquaintance of mine found out, when he bought the stone effigy of a saint, and was forced to put it into his back garden because his modern doorway refused to give entrance to the statue.

It is wiser to stick to small articles, such as coins, war medals, and ivory carvings. All these can be easily kept, as they take up very little room; a drawer even can be set apart for the purpose, though a glass case is, of course, the proper thing for curios of this description.

Such an article can often be picked up second-hand at a trifling cost, or you can make one yourself in your spare moments.

It need not be composed entirely of glass; a glass lid will do, with the sides of any sort of wood plainly stained and varnished, or carved.

Here is an opportunity for the chip carver to exercise his skill and taste, for a box of this description, made with a plain glass lid, would be worth looking at, apart from the treasures inside.

Line the box with dark blue or black velvet, as this shows off the coins or whatever may be in it.

COINS.

Of course, you can go in for coins only, and this is a most interesting hobby.

Start with a few of the cheapest sorts, and keep your eyes open for finds, but don't make the ambitious novice's usual mistake by going to a dealer and letting him see that you are bitten with the numismatic fever for spade guineas and Queen Anne farthings, and such-like treasures; he will probably get you a good many rare specimens, but he will make you pay for the privilege.

You can, if you like, confine yourself to English coins, and so have a small and comparatively complete collection—comparatively, because some of the English kings did not mint here. As for the Saxon coins, they are, for the most part, dear to purchase.

Most collectors consider Greek and Roman coins of vast interest and importance, and they can be got—at least some of the specimens—at prices ranging from a few pence upwards.

On the other hand, your collection may be of modern foreign money only. Small bronze and silver coins can be got at foreign money exchanges, or friends from abroad will be pleased to assist you.

A wag suggests that it would be quite possible to start with those coins which come into one's possession as ordinary change.

WAR MEDALS.

War medals, too, can be purchased at almost all prices. A casual glance into a pawnbroker's or curiosity-dealer's window generally reveals a tray of these victorious trophies, whose owners have ceased to glory in them, or of which they have been deprived by misfortune more cruel than war. For my own part, I think they have a melancholy all their own, these collections of other men's decorations.

Natural curios are, perhaps, even more interesting than all others. Bits of coral—pink and white and red—curiously shaped sponges and shells, fossils, pieces of spar, limestone, and rock crystal look well reposing in a case lined with green velvet.

Or, again, you might go in for articles of jewellery—old amber beads, a rosary with a history more or less untrue attached to it, a pair of Egyptian ear-rings, a scarab, the nose-ring of some African beauty, and small Chinese ivories.

There are out-of-the-way curios, which a visit to some old shop will discover—bits of Roman pottery, things found in the tombs of Egyptian kings.

Specimens of old English glass are well worth collecting, and even pieces of stained glass windows are not to be despised.

Old prints and China cannot be recommended to the novice, for such things can be faked so well that only the expert can detect the difference between the real and the counterfeit, especially in the case of prints. Of course there are genuine specimens to be got fairly cheap; but they need much looking for.

RARE BOOKS.

Some books come under the heading of curios, but such are quite outside the range of the average amateur. Bargains in the second-hand bookseller's boxes have a good deal of resemblance to Captain Kidd's treasures—you may spend a lifetime in the search, but the bargains never yours.

The best advice which can be given to the man who intends to start curio collecting is to go about and be on the watch for all sorts of uncommon objects.

Look among the miscellaneous articles stored in second-hand dealers' windows and shops. If you see anything likely, go in and buy it.

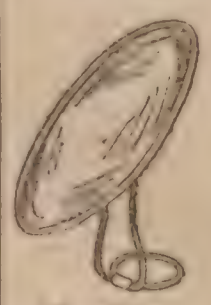
I saw the other day a cup formed of half a polished cocoanut shell, and another time I picked up a snuff-box made out of a petrified potato; these may serve as examples of what is meant, and such articles are not costly.

Curio-hunting, when once you get into it, is every bit as exciting and fascinating to the indoor man as hunting of another and more dangerous kind is to the outdoor sportsman. F. BANKS.

A MAN'S ETCETERAS.

There are certain things which are luxuries, and to which many men, therefore, never treat themselves, because they can do without them.

They are not the sort of things a man thinks of getting when he is faced with the necessity of buying a present either for himself or for a friend; but yet they are in most cases extremely useful, and, in many, last a lifetime, and cost comparatively little in the first instance.



Magnifying Mirror.

In any case the comfort that they bring is often worth ten times the original cost, and money spent on them is money well invested.

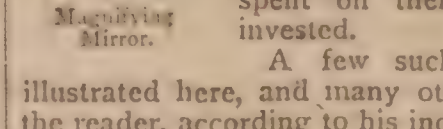
A few such "etceteras" are illustrated here, and many others will occur to the reader, according to his individual tastes or pursuits.

The first illustration shows a shaving mirror, of which the glass is convex, and which magnifies considerably. Thus you can see exactly what you are doing when you are shaving, and the chances of your leaving any part of your face unshaved are small; moreover, it shows you the condition of your skin in a way that an ordinary mirror cannot.

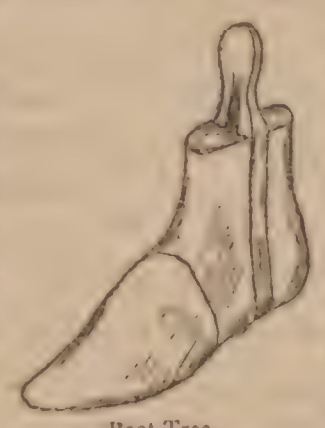
Its stand is so contrived that it will stand or hang in any position, or it can be used as a hand-mirror.

An ordinary hand-mirror of some sort is another item which should be on the well-equipped dressing-table. It provides the only means by which you can see the back of your head and tell whether your hair wants cutting, and it enables you to take full advantage of the light.

Boot-trees are also etceteras that the "well-found" man will not be without. Those of the type illustrated, if made or chosen to the exact size of the owner's foot, are excellent for keeping in shape boots that are seldom worn—dress boots, for example, or the Wellingtons of the Territorial.



Boot Stretcher.



Boot-Tree.

But they take too long to put in and take out for everyday use, and there are various patterns, which in most cases are cheaper, that will answer the purpose of stretching the boot so as to facilitate its cleaning. These are usually adjustable to different sizes.

One of the most pleasing refinements of hospitality is the placing of a pair of boot-trees and a trouser-press in the room of a guest, for these are luxuries that a man probably does not carry about with him, but which he may miss when away from home.

Spray.

Another article which is a most desirable and useful luxury and which will last a lifetime is a boot-stretcher. One of the type illustrated can be used by every member of a family.

It is supplied with knobs of varying sizes which can be fixed in holes in different parts of the wood, and come in very useful for stretching boots and giving relief in case of corns, chilblains, and so on. The stretching is done by means of a screw and a wedge.

A spray with a rubber bulb provides a far better means of applying whatever dressing you use for your hair than the usual bottle with a hole in the cork.

A suit-hanger, as shown in the last illustration is also most useful, and the man who has sufficient space cannot do better than invest in one for every suit that is not actually being worn.

The cross-piece takes the coat and waistcoat, and suspended from it is a clip for the bottom of the trouser legs.

Suit-Hanger.

J. B. WESTON.

AN ELECTION TRAGEDY.

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

As word by word you read the evidence bearing upon the sad case of William Weird, remember that I am writing of a man who has the misfortune to exist at the present day, and during an era of depression in trade which is only less marked than it will be to-morrow.

William lives in a house that is furnished with the usual sort of wintry draughts. He possesses a wardrobe, a dozen pairs of brilliant socks (at least two pairs of which are mended with a due regard to their violent hue), and certain other less important items of middle-class male attire.

The ash that is sprinkled so generously upon his dining-room carpet falls from a certain brand of cigarettes to which he has adhered since first they made him violently ill shortly after the celebration of his seventh birthday. Upon the top of the marble clock on the mantelpiece an ancient briar pipe, successor of a long train of similar products of the self-same firm, reposes when not in use.

Given the foregoing conditions of his existence, it seems that very ordinary things should happen to young Mr. William Weird.

One might expect, for instance, that he would have his circle of acquaintances, so unaffected as gladly to drink unlimited whisky at his expense whenever he thus extended to them the favour of that rarely refused class of hospitality.

Yet in spite of all this, and also the fact that William wears his handkerchief up his sleeve, and blows his nose surreptitiously upon a calico handkerchief in the interests of economy, the respect paid to such excellent young men is denied to him.

Why? (Imagine this word pronounced in the defiant tone of a Parliamentary candidate and you will realise its full force.)

It all happened in this way. William was on friendly terms with two well-known gentlemen in his native town. They were—(1) The Liberal Agent and (2) the Conservative Agent.

He admired the Liberal Agent because, in addition to the fact that he could not play cribbage for the proverbial walnuts, there was nothing he liked better than "sixty-one up the board for threepence" with William (expert cribbage player from his earliest infancy). On the other hand, the Conservative Agent smoked such cigars as William liked, and one of his stock phrases was "Have a cigar!"

Now, it was not until the General Election threatened in the near future that either of these gentlemen bothered himself about either his own political opinions or William's.

As a matter of regrettable fact, too, William had oft been heard to make observations to the effect that he did not care which party was in power so long as they left *him* alone.

Posters of the most pathetic, humorous, sarcastic, or cynical class did not shake him.

Threats of a decrease in the size of the loaf left him utterly callous, as he saw no variation in the dimensions of the baker's product upon the family table. The numerous things that Tariff Reform "meant" did not trouble him at all.

He agreed with Liberals when he met them; with Socialists at street-corner meetings, with Conservatives at their excellent club smokers. He was "down" or "up" with the Lords many times a day, according to the view of his company. He saw in the homely hen's egg naught but a tasty addition (when fried) to matutinal rashers of similarly treated bacon, and he attached to it no importance as an effective silencer of political argument when well aimed.

Then, one day, far back in the dark ages of the Liberal Government, when the Revising Barrister was about to start on the war-path, the Conservative Agent asked William what he thought of having to pay an extra ha'penny per ounce for his tobacco and an extra sixpence per bottle for his whisky.

William replied, casually, that of course he would get off it if he could, but as it was the Law at the moment——"

"Ah! *you* are a Tariff Reformer," said the Conservative Agent, gleefully. "You shall have a lodger's vote."

"Thank you," said William, as he accepted the promptly-offered cigar.

Later on he met the Liberal Agent, who observed that, seeing that the country required Dreadnoughts it was surely the country's duty to pay for them.

"Certainly!" said William, without heat or hesitation.

"Then, you are *for* the Budget," he said, and William realised that at last he knew what the garrulous "one man, one vote" poster meant. It seemed that if one was particular pals with the local agents of both parties one might get a vote out of each of them—which plainly showed the disadvantage under which the majority of people laboured.

During William's absence from home both the agents called (happily at different times) and asked William's mother whether the room William occupied was worth the prescribed ten pounds a year unfurnished.

William's mother observed, with a certain piquancy, that she should think so indeed!

Subsequently, at the Revising Barrister's Court, the Conservative agent, advocating homely arbitration, lost the toss, and with it William's name on the list of those who might be relied upon to support the man who (according to the Liberals) had his mind firmly set on bringing ruin, starvation, and desolation upon Old England.

In the meantime all went peacefully with William Weird until (as he puts it) "Somebody went and objected to something, and forced a General Election."

Ere the great day arrived the canvassers of both parties submitted him to untold agonies of argument upon things he did not understand. These included the Budget (its desirability), Mr. Lloyd George (his saintliness), the House of Lords (its uselessness) and—the Budget (its undesirability), Mr. Lloyd George (his hen-roost robbing), the House of Lords (its glorious purpose).

The canvassers of both parties promised to fetch him to the poll in a motor-car, both candidates beamed upon him, and their wives and daughters choked him with tea at their respective "at homes."

At 8.30 a.m. on the morn of election day William discovered that he had but one vote with which to do two things (both of which were, according to the posters, certain to bring want, starvation, and riot upon this fair land).

Yet even when, on the other hand, he surveyed the cartooned prosperity of John Bull under both the opposing conditions he could not give that vote whole-heartedly to Tariff Reform because it meant so many things that its purpose in life could not be considered sincere, nor could he make his case in favour of a "hen-roost-robbing Budget" (whatever *that* meant) and thus become a consenting party to a life-long sacrifice of nicotined ha'pennies and whiskied sixpences to the capacious maw of a Socialistic Exchequer. . . .

And even then the party-colour-bedecked motor cars were humming outside. . . .

* * * * * * *

He reached the station safely after approaching it by devious byways.

Some two hours and ten minutes later a haggard, harried, and hunch-backed man might have been observed very, very unhappy, fishing with a fly-hook for codling from the pier of one of our most famous seaside resorts.

And his mother wonders still why he *insists* on occupying a room which cannot by any possible chance be considered "worth ten pounds a year unfurnished."

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

It is impossible for us to print the League form every week, and we would urge those readers who have not already joined to do so without delay.

Already we have a very large membership, but we want all our readers to join, so that the League may be even a greater power than it is.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read — that is wherever the English language is spoken.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

BROKEN IDOLS

"Here our long web of friendship I untwist."
—MASSINGER.

Somebody has said that friendship counts for more than relationship, because, while your relations are thrust upon you, the selection of your friends remains in your own hands.

Probably it is this very element of personal selection that gives to friendship its pains and its pleasures. Kindnesses that you receive from a near relative are, you feel, due to you, but when you experience a kindness from a friend, you have the pleasant feeling that you have in some way earned it by deserving his appreciation.

TREASURES I COULD NOT REPLACE.

For years I have lived in lodgings, and my belongings are consequently small in number, for, like most others similarly placed, I find it best to change landladies occasionally. My portable effects consist of various trunks, clothes, a few sporting trophies, and a number of framed photographs.

The trunks, if they happened to be lost, could be replaced, and the clothes have to be constantly renewed because they get out of fashion, but it would break my heart to lose these framed photographs, for I have not the slightest opportunity of obtaining a duplicate of any one of them.

They are photographs of lost friends, and they adorn the mantelpiece of my room.

I am looking at them now, contemplatively and without any feeling of sorrow or injury. Each picture shows the face of a friend who was at one time or another very dear to me, but whom I eventually parted with for a reason that seemed to me sufficient.

In some cases I felt very much inclined to tear into fragments and to burn the photograph that had been given me; but there always seemed to be something that restrained me; perhaps it was an old memory, or perhaps it was an instinct, but in each case I preserved these photographs, and in time the edge wore off my anger, and I could look at them without pain.

THE TONGUE AND THE HEART.

Sometimes an acquaintance, seeing these portraits, asks whom they represent, and I give him particulars cheerfully.

"This was a school friend of mine," I say, "a capital hand with the gloves, and he could swim the hundred yards quicker than any man I ever came across. He was one of the best, but somehow we have lost touch with one another. This one could ride anything that was ever shod, and this chap could play the piano far too well for an Englishman."

I keep to myself the much more interesting information as to how my friendship with each of these men became severed. Sometimes I have wondered whether the man to whom I had been describing the photographs has been a student enough of human nature to detect the tinge of restraint and disappointment in my voice.

Let me take you from one end of my mantelpiece to the other, and let me describe to you the various portraits a little more candidly and intimately than I am in the habit of doing when I show them to actual acquaintances.

THE FLEETING GLAMOUR OF ATHLETICISM.

The first was one of my earliest idols. He was captain of our school. The photograph that I have of him was taken during the last year of his and my school life. The eyes look sleepy; the mouth is slack and yet full of self-confidence; what you can see of the neck is indicative of fine, muscular development.

He excelled in sports in which I was but a blundering novice. Naturally, as a youngster will do under such circumstances, I admired him, even to the extent of supposing that he was the greatest person on earth, and, for what reason I cannot guess, he had a sufficiently good opinion of me to take tea with me occasionally and eventually to present me with his photograph.

After leaving school we still remained to some extent in touch with one another, for we went to the same University, but an astonishing change had taken place in my idol.

Either owing to some constitutional weakness or to over-indulgence in athletics, it was found that his heart was in a bad condition and he was forbidden by his doctor to indulge in any more active sport than walking.

THE FIRST DISILLUSIONMENT.

His reputation thereupon collapsed like a house of cards. On the Rugby or the cricket field he had been a little god, but now he was nothing. His athletic standing was gone, and I, like his other friends, wondered what we had ever seen to admire in him. He was a very decent chap, but not what you would call good company, for his conversation was very uninteresting, and now when there was none of the glamour of athleticism about him, we found that there was little to attract us to one another and so we gradually drifted apart.

The next photograph is that of a friend with whom I became intimate shortly afterwards. I was about eighteen, and, like most youngsters of this age, very keen on matters of dress. This new friend was likewise, and I envied him because he had a much better figure for showing off clothes than that with which Nature had gifted me.

We were about the same height, but he was quite three inches longer in limb, and consequently he looked taller than I did. He had also a finer carriage, although he was not better developed muscularly.

SEEING LIFE.

To some extent I had got over my mania for athletics, and I was now very keen on what I called Life. He was several years older than myself, and could tell me a good many things that I did not know. I was just beginning to take an interest in the local music-hall, and the artists, though new to me, were fairly familiar to him.

You must not suppose that we were two fast young men, for we were not. But what is called fastness was, in my mind, at that time associated with the knowledge of Life, and, though neither of us indulged even in the mildest form of wickedness, yet we wanted to have a peep at it from the outside.

He knew by name, though not more intimately, most of the young women of easy or doubtful virtue, and he could point them out to me. He could also point out the various young men who were in the habit of going down to the stage-door of the local theatre and seeing home the various actresses.

All this knowledge made him more than a bit of a buck in my eyes, the more so because he never made the slightest attempt to induce me to take up the fast life, and I am convinced that he had never indulged in it himself. We were two young dandies in our way, and there were two young ladies whom we used to take out for walks, but everything was always very proper, and exactly as it ought to be.

There was nothing dramatic about the severing of this friendship. What was to him the whole object of life was to me but a passing phase of development. In six months I had lost all interest in these matters, and was intent on improving my position in business.

The last time I saw him I was returning home late, dressed without any particular care, and with smudges of ink on my fingers; he was turned out immaculately, and we simply nodded as we passed by. I did not want to stop and speak to him, for I had lost interest in him, and somehow I suppose he knew it was so.

IN THE OFFICE—AND AT HOME.

My next idol was connected with the very business at which I was working so hard. He was a marvel of power, sticking at it later than any of us, and, though I did not presume to reckon him as a personal friend, I admired him none the less—till I found that he was as bad a husband as he was an excellent employer.

His wife once came down to the office, and that pathetic little figure told you, without asking, that this man had missed many things in building up his business.

Obviously he lacked a sense of proportion, and, once having realised this fact, I could not admire him as I had done. I still possess a copy of the photograph that he presented one Christmas to each of his staff, but the idol itself is broken.

The next idol was a girl. Dainty, well-bred, and with an apparent regard for me, she attracted me more than a little. Natural caution prevented me from going too far until I was perfectly certain of my own feelings. I was prevented from doing anything rash by my timely observation of the fact that I was to her more a person to use than to love.

END OF A LOVE AFFAIR.

Would I care to go to see this play or to attend that concert? Would I do a little bit of shopping for her when I was in town? To spend money on a girl voluntarily is a pleasure, but when it is more than half-asked from you it becomes a warning, and gradually my visits to her became fewer and fewer, till at last they ceased.

Another whose photograph adorns my mantelpiece was for a time the object of my admiration.

He was the best horseman in our Squadron of Yeomanry, and he had the reputation of being a thoroughly good-hearted chap.

On one occasion he and I were visiting the farm of a man he knew. The farmer's son, who was a bit of a wag, offered us a couple of horses so that we could accompany him for a ride. I am not a very good horseman, and I was not over keen on riding a horse I did not know. My friend did not like the look of the mount provided for me, and insisted on trying it before I got on. I am very glad that he did so, for had he not been a finished horseman, he would inevitably have been thrown. I was none too well disposed towards the man who had tried to play me this trick, but I felt thoroughly grateful to my friend who had prevented me from courting disaster.

SAYING FAREWELL.

I remember the send-off we gave him when he left the town. He was going to London to better his position, and he was transferring to another regiment so that he could put in his drills, although he would rejoin us for the annual camp. The good-byes that we showered upon him were very sincere, and the hand-shakings were very hard, and he nodded and smiled to us all in that understanding, kindly way of his. There was not a man amongst us who did not feel that he was losing his dearest friend.

It may sound like a fairy tale, but it is an actual fact, that disillusion came to each of us a week after his departure. To one man he owed money for the hire of a horse he had had at the last camp; to another he owed a large sum which he had borrowed upon a security that did not

exist, and there was a girl whom he had treated very badly and whose case was really the reason for his departure. I do not expect that he will turn up at our next annual training, and if he does I am certain that he will not receive the welcome that might have been his.

There is another photograph on my mantelpiece of yet another friend, and for the losing of him I am responsible. In most of the other cases it has been the discovery of some defect in the characters of the men concerned that has led to the breaking apart. Here it was my own ignorance of human nature.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

Friendship is like a fiddle string. If you stretch it too far it will inevitably snap. I commend this truth to the attention of every man who has a friend he values.

Because a man is your friend, that is no reason why he should not lead his own life in his own way. He is not bound to tell you everything he does, nor have you the right to expect it. He has his friends unknown to you, as you have yours who are unknown to him; and some of his friends you may not like, just as he would probably not like some of yours.

These are facts, however, that are due to philosophic afterthought, and I doubt whether the realisation of them would be likely to prevent a similar disappointment to that which I experienced.

Of the man in question I stupidly expected more than I had a right to look for, and it was only natural that he should resent my attempt to monopolise his company.

FRIENDS, BUT NEVER CHUMS.

Though there was some sort of element of sympathy between us, our characters were essentially different, and at last I realised, to my great regret, that real friendship between us was an impossibility, though friendliness might very well continue.

The end of my delusion came when he failed to keep an appointment with me, and the reason he gave for his failure was not convincing. I do not remember whether he said he had forgotten the appointment or whether someone had called and prevented him from coming, but it struck me at the time that he was not telling me everything he might have done.

Pride on my part prevented me from remonstrating. I told him that if he did not care to remember appointments he had made with me, he need not trouble to do so, and that was the end of our intimacy and the end of his career as an idol.

In many points this particular man was a worthy model, and I daresay that I may have improved my own character from my brief friendship with him. It is still very pleasant for me to meet him, but all the David and Jonathan sort of business is done with, and, perhaps, it is better so.

H. HECTOR.

TOOTH POWDERS.

There are some men who grudge the expense entailed in buying tooth powder, and who make the cost thereof an excuse for neglecting the attention their teeth demand.

An excuse of this kind will not bear investigation, for you can keep your teeth clean without going to the expense of buying tooth powder at all.

Probably no dentifrice is better than the ash of cigars. There are some men who, although economical in no other respects, yet save all their cigar ash in order that they may put it into their tooth powder box. The taste of cigar ash, however, is very acrid and unpleasant, although unquestionably it cleanses the teeth without scratching them.

A dentifrice, which is almost as good, and certainly more easily obtained, is common salt.

One of the best dentifrices is the juice of a lemon. It is rather a troublesome one, as you require to buy a fresh lemon from time to time. A few drops, however, squeezed on to your tooth brush, not only cleanses the teeth, but removes from the mouth that unpleasant musty feeling that one so frequently experiences in the morning.

MY NOTEBOOK.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

I am always very much interested in the impressions that readers gather concerning myself and my life. Here is one:

"In my opinion," says a reader in Glasgow, "you lead an ideal life. Your work must be hard enough, but you have said you live out in the country, and I think that a man who can get into the country each night ought to be able to tackle any work within human power.

"I have always been obliged, owing to lack of necessary funds, to remain in Glasgow, but one of the things I am looking forward to when I am a bit better off is being able to live in some country spot, and to come into town daily.

"I am convinced that as soon as I manage to do this I shall get on very much better, for I shall feel healthier, and I shall also be gratifying my liking for country life and outdoor sport."

THE OTHER SIDE.

I don't think that I could have read this letter under more adverse circumstances. I had had a particularly hard day at the office and had been obliged to hold over many letters from readers. I took a batch home with me in my handbag and read them and made notes for replies to them as I travelled home in the train. It was the last train, leaving London a few minutes before midnight, and when I read this letter midnight had already passed.

The morning had been sultry, and I had brought with me only a thin overcoat, but during the day there had come a change in the weather, and now it was freezing hard. The carriage was badly heated, and I busied myself with these letters and some manuscripts in order to keep my attention from the unpleasant fact that I was becoming painfully cold.

Here was one of the delights of living in the country!

Those who had been working as late as I had, and who lived in London, were by this time comfortably between the sheets. For my part, I had to get out at a junction and wait on a draughty platform for ten minutes till the branch line train came up.

When at length I reached my own station, I found that the back tyre of my bicycle wanted pumping, and when I had put this to rights I set off on the mile-and-a-quarter journey that lay between me and my house.

THROUGH THE MIST.

It had been cold enough in town, but out in the country it was freezing hard, and the frost had brought down mist which froze your cheeks and your lips as you forged your way through it. During the last two hundred yards I felt more than half inclined to dismount and walk, for cycling on a night like this was a painful job; but I stuck to it, and did not dismount till I reached my gate.

No one could be keener than I am on country life in what is commonly called bad weather.

To take a long walk on a wet or a frosty day is to me a source of sheer delight, but a cycle run of a mile and a quarter, after sitting still for over an hour in a chilly railway carriage, is another matter altogether, for during a short run of this kind you have not the time to warm up, neither have you the requisite amount of interest in your exercise, for your one aim and object is to get home as soon as possible.

I mention these facts as some consolation to readers who, like my correspondent, are hankering after country life without being able to gratify their desire.

To live in the country is undoubtedly a pleasant experience to a man who yearns for this type of life, but country life has, as I have shown, its drawbacks.

All the same, and in spite of these minor hardships, I think it worth while living in the country, even if one spends, as I do, little more than the night there.

EMOTION.

I have received the following criticism from a Bristol reader, and, as it may possibly interest you, I shall reproduce it.

"I like your 'Notebook' best," he says, "when you deal with some emotional topic. It is all right when you speak about Territorial matters, sports, and so forth, but I like you best when you give us a peep into your own inner self, as, for example, when you told us about sitting in the stable writing beside your horse. I remember also reading with great pleasure about how, as a youngster, you lay in the heather watching the London express go past and dreaming of your future in the great City. In each of these things, and in many others that you have written, there has been something that thrilled me. Can't you give us some more like this?"

The question, I am afraid, is one that I cannot definitely answer. I have known clever writers who are able to turn out any sort of matter to order, but I am a very long way from being a clever writer, and in these notes I deal just in an amateurish way with any topics that may occur to me as being likely to arouse your interest. I admit that in the "Notebook" I have been at times emotional, as at other times I may have been brutal, but I could not turn out emotional stuff without something occurring to strike that particular chord.

My friend's letter gives me, however, an idea for the further improvement of the paper. Though I am not sufficiently gifted as a writer to be able to turn out things to order, I know men who can do so, and I invite you to drop me a postcard when a good idea for a story or an article strikes you. If the idea is a feasible one I shall hand it over to the contributor whom I consider best able to deal with it adequately.

TALKING TO HORSES.

In another letter which lies before me the writer asks why it is that grooms hiss while doing a horse, and further he requires an explanation of the various strange words used by horsemen to their mounts.

I know why it is that grooms hiss. It is to keep out of their throats the dust they remove from the horse's skin. The etymology of such exclamations as "Whoa," and that strange sound of encouragement which may perhaps best be written as "Tchk," is a matter that I must leave to better scholars than myself.

I am afraid that the language I employ in dealing with my own horse is unconventional. If I do not happen to be feeling very fit, his capers serve only to annoy me, and I employ the usual means of controlling him without speaking to him at all; but when I am feeling as fresh as he is, I make frequent verbal comments to him upon his general behaviour.

Sometimes I quote to him from the classics, adapting the quotations to suit the particular case. For instance, when he arches his neck, begins trying to scratch his chin with his forefeet, and shows an inclination to bolt, I sometimes say to him:

"Be good, my horse, be good, and let who will be beautiful."

At other times, when his antics seem to need a remonstrance, I swear at him in the most kindly voice possible.

Often as we trot along I whistle to him, and occasionally he sets back an ear to catch the notes better.

There are certain words recognised amongst horsemen, but the things that a man says to a horse that he likes can scarcely be reproduced in cold print.

To some extent they resemble the things that a mother says to her baby, and in other respects they are like what a man says to his sweetheart.

The baby and the sweetheart and the horse understand them, however, for there is complete sympathy between the listener and the speaker.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

SOME THOUGHTS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

The New Year will not run for very many weeks before it gives just a faint glimmer of encouragement to the open-air man to look forward to a good time that cannot be very far away.

It is true that these glimpses, these moments of promise, are few and far between, but they will nevertheless occasionally come along, and the sap of life will give a bound if only from anticipation. It is also true that, even after many of these tempting signs have appeared, the year will repent of its haste and will fall back again into all its rough old vigorous, rigorous, winter ways, and will even put an extra spice of severity into its methods as if to assure us that the former glimpse of better days was really an error of judgment and was not intended to be taken seriously.

Nevertheless, man is on the look out, when the New Year has come, for these very days when he finds consolation for the deadness of the winter's depth and unbounded hope for the approach of spring.

It is not well to jump to the conclusion that one soft day with a clear sky and a woolly, caressing air makes a spring, any more than one swallow makes a summer. These days of foretaste must not be looked for with certainty, but when they come they should be enjoyed to the full.

That they are real spring days there can be no doubt, but they are days born out of due season, and to depend upon them as truthful evidence of a near approach of pleasanter spells is the way to court certain disappointment.

For even after two or three such days, the bitterness of mid-winter may and usually does return. Taking them as they come, however, they are among the most delightful of all the year.

Though the trees are stark and stripped, they seem to be waking. Not a bud has burst—not a bud will burst for many days—but there hovers about the branches a spirit of delicious refreshment. It is the spirit of April in the outward guise of mid-January or bleak February. We know that the good time cannot be far off, and we grow impatient, forgetting that winter can stretch a long arm from the Old Year into the New.

But one day the overcoat becomes a burden, the sodden fields begin to dry up, and some strange clearance begins to take place in the hedges, hiding the broken dead rummage of the winter, and clearing the way for the new growth pushing towards the surface.

And then one day the rambler catches sight of the spike of a crocus on a lawn, the sharp, sturdy point of green, the sight of which sends a thrill through every nerve.

Thereafter no return of winter can completely deaden the hope or stifle the expression of the new-found vigour. Walking becomes a hundred-fold more attractive, and a man grows anxious to outrun Nature's measured steps.

The morning frosts make only a losing fight with the sun gaining power with every day. Then indeed it is good to be abroad upon the earth.

Not for long will you be able to look through the wood. A mist of coming brown and purple, and, later, of green, will begin to hide the silent recesses, and beneath the trees the mystery of the unknown broods once again.

You forget the inner aspect of the woods through which you have walked on many a winter day.

You turn towards home after a stiff tramp with less hurried footsteps, lured to remain abroad in honour of the lengthening days.

Possessed by the certainty of the coming change you peer into the cupboards where summer clothes and summer sporting kit have lain since you laid them aside reluctantly last year. Sooner than you realise it you will want them all again, for the year runs apace the longer it lives, and unless you snatch every chance the months of spring and summer will have passed again.

But *this* year you mean to do many things. Take note, then, of the "turn of the year."

J. G. HAYWARD.

THE GREENHORN.

He was a townsman, who had come to the village for a holiday. One day it struck him that it would be nice to drive into Manchester.

The jobmaster looked at the immaculate cut of his breeches, studied the innocence of his expression, and sized him up accordingly.

"I'll let you have a smart horse and trap," he said, "to Manchester for seven-and-six."

And so the young man drove off, and eventually he returned, handing over the seven-and-six.

"There's an error here," said the jobmaster. "I told you it would be seven-and-six to Manchester, and so it's seven-and-six back. That makes fifteen shillings altogether."

Reluctantly the young man paid up.

A week later, towards the end of his holiday, he again went to the jobmaster and hired a trap for Manchester. He drove there and returned by train, and when he reached the jobmaster's office, he handed over seven-and-six.

"But where's the trap?" asked the jobmaster.

"Oh," replied the young man innocently, "I left that in Manchester. You see I only hired it for there."

MEMORIES.

It was at a "chorus call" of a well-known theatrical production whose manager had recently departed this life, that one of the young ladies of the chorus was observed to be weeping bitterly.

A sympathiser went up to her and asked what was the matter.

"Oh," sobbed the poor girl, "I can't come to a rehearsal without thinking of our dear dead manager. Oh, he was a kind man! So considerate! When I think of how he used to come up to us and put his hand on our shoulders—just like that—and say: 'You —— ——, why the —— don't you do what I —— well told you?' Why, it makes me cry, it does really!"

WHICH?

She was a dainty young miss.

He was an ardent football enthusiast—which is quite different from being an ardent footballer—his sporting interest being confined to watching matches and reading about others that he had not been able to see.

On Saturday afternoons she saw him not, for he was worshipping at the shrine of Sport; but on Saturday evenings, after he had finished with all the football editions of all the halfpenny papers, it was his habit to take her out for a walk.

He had hoped most sincerely that his favourite team would win, but the match ended in a draw, and so it was that on one particular Saturday evening he was very downhearted.

She simulated an interest in football that she did not feel, and, guessing what was preying upon his mind, she asked the result of the match.

"Oh," he said, "one—one."

"Yes, dear," she answered him, softly, "but which one won?"

And now they never discuss football.

A HARMLESS SOLDIER.

THE MAN WHO NEVER FIRES A GUN.

I am a Territorial. I am not going to apologise in any way for the statement, for I am exceedingly proud of the fact, and it is on behalf of my own branch of the Force that I want to speak.

Said a member of my corps once, in my hearing, to a civilian scoffer, "Any fool can cut a man to pieces, but it takes a skilled man to put him together again!" Whereupon that humorist departed to the place whence he came with his tail, metaphorically speaking, between his legs. The meaning of all which is simply that I am a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps (T.F.), a body of men admitted to be at present the most highly-trained corps in the Army, and that I fancy that the clanking Yeoman (with apologies to the Editor!), the smart Infantry man, and the ubiquitous Cyclist have overshadowed the less well known but certainly not less useful "ointment-slinger," as some are pleased to denominate us.

A few facts descriptive of the work of a Field Ambulance and methods may be of interest not only to Territorial readers, but to those who are not yet members of the First Line of Defence. (I always like to see that in capitals; it seems more sw—dignified.)

First, then, we have, of course, to make ourselves proficient in the ordinary foot-drill, so that we may make a respectable figure when marching (humbly placed at the rear) with our more warlike brothers on parades, route-marches, and other devices of the—officer commanding.

This trifle being mastered, we enter upon a series of complicated evolutions described in detail in a charming little booklet entitled "Royal Army Medical Corps Drills and Exercises," in which the movements appear to have been designed by a particularly thick-headed gentleman under the direct control of the Evil One himself.

A few weeks' patience, however, and the weary learner descries a light on the horizon, so to speak, and in a short time he grasps the principles of what is certainly a most beautiful and really quite simple set of movements.

Meanwhile—that is to say, in alternation with his drills—the "cruitie" is given lectures and demonstrations on what is, after all, the most important part of his duties—I mean ambulance work proper. I do not use the term "first aid to the injured," because the ordinary St. John Ambulance course in that subject does not, and indeed, cannot, cover half the ground necessary to the soldier.

I would say, in passing, that I do not in any way reflect unkindly on the St. John course; I myself first studied ambulance work under Association tuition, and have the pleasantest recollections of the class to which I belonged, and owe partly to its excellent grounding my promotion to non-commissioned rank; but it is impossible for the Association to give as complete a training as under Army conditions.

It is when the R.A.M.C. trooper goes into camp that he begins to appreciate, and be grateful for, the constant "dinning" of the sergeant-major.

When he finds out what it would mean in the "real thing," he is thankful that stretcher-drill, wagon-drill, tent erection, first-aid, hospital work, and the other airy nothings he encounters, have but little terror for him, for discipline—the greatest word in the dictionary of the British Army—and his officer will bring him through every time.

And a word about that same officer; perhaps in no other corps do the officer and the private, or non-com., as the case may be, come into such "close personal contact," as the prize-fighter said.

When you have held a man's head in the hospital tent at the dead of night, while your adjutant hauled out his molars, you begin to feel that he is a human being for all the stars on his cuff; while the remembrance of his patient care and kindness (our officers are, of course, qualified medical men) in more serious cases gives you that respect and liking, which is of such invaluable aid in rendering the interior economy of the company a success.

F. GARTON.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ROPE-CLIMBING.

A form of exercise which is usually only practised in the gymnasium, but which is possible in many private houses or farm buildings and so on, is rope-climbing. Moreover, it may prove very useful in emergencies such as fire.

The easiest method is to cross the legs, draw them up, and grip the rope between the feet, while the hands take hold of the rope above the head. The body is then straightened and the process repeated

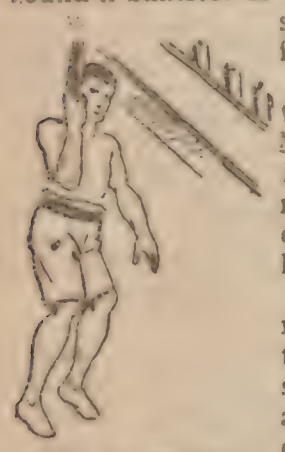
A more strenuous form of the exercise is to keep the body the stiff, and haul yourself up hand over hand with bent arms.

A STRAP-HANGING EXERCISE.

The exercise here illustrated is not among those which can be practised in your bedroom, unless it happens to be provided with a beam or crossbar; but in most houses it is not difficult to find a place where it is possible to practise it.

In the majority of cases the most suitable place is the staircase.

Get a strong strap, or a towel, and hitch it round a banister or whatever support you select, so that a loop hangs down a foot or so below it.



A fine arm developer.

Through this loop place the middle finger of one hand and pull yourself up. It is not so difficult as it might appear, and should be done once or twice with both hands.

An underground railway carriage is not a bad place to try this exercise, if you find yourself without a seat; but it is apt to cause a certain amount of unnecessary interest among your fellow-passengers if you proceed to raise yourself from the floor in this way.

On the whole, therefore, the staircase is the best place for it, if you cannot try it in a gymnasium, and a soft towel is preferable to a hard strap.

All the muscles of the arm, and especially the biceps and triceps, will be developed by this exercise.

LOOKING FORWARD.

When referring last week to the importance of having a care for one's digestion, I pointed out that in the case of the young man it is in the future that he will reap the benefit, or suffer from having neglected to do so.

And I should like to drive this point home to my readers with regard to physical culture as a whole.

Many a young man is blessed by Nature with a good athletic figure and fairly well developed muscles, and does not see the need for any form of physical culture to keep him fit.

He may not need it while he has still youth on his side, but the time will come, especially if his occupation be a sedentary one, when his muscles will become flabby and turn to fat, his hands become soft and pulpy, and his arms weak—in fact, he gets generally out of condition, and the exertion of running for a train or walking a few miles becomes too much for him.

It is to avoid this lamentable state of affairs that it is advisable to take time by the forelock, and keep oneself in condition by giving up a few minutes each day to a systematic course of exercises.

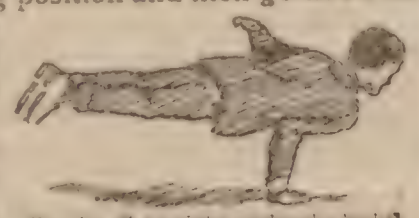
It is only minutes that are required—not hours—but it is years that such a modified course of culture can add to a man's life. Moreover, it will make that life worth living, and give the health and power to enjoy all that it has to give.

BALANCING ON ONE HAND.

The trick which I am giving this week looks at first sight more like a superhuman feat of strength, but although none but the strong and well-developed man need attempt it, it is as much a matter of balance as anything else.

It will probably be some time before you achieve complete success, but there is much benefit to be derived from the effort and continual practice that will be required.

Start in a standing position and then go down on both hands, with the body stiff and the toes on the ground.



Get the elbow right under the body.

Draw the right elbow well under the body, so that the weight is actually resting on the elbow and is not dependent on the muscles of the arm.

Now lift the legs and the left arm off the ground.

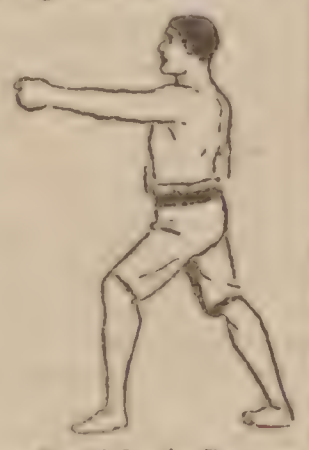
If the right elbow is sufficiently in the centre of the body you should be able, with the assistance of the extended left arm, to balance the body in this position.

One of the greatest difficulties will be the keeping of the legs stiff. This is a matter of strength and not simply of knack or balance.

A SIMPLE LUNGEING EXERCISE.

This is an extremely simple exercise which is hard to beat for keeping one fit, if it is performed with sufficient vigour and concentration. It is extremely useful for the boxer and helps to develop a fine vigorous punch.

Stand erect, with the feet together. Clench the fists, bend the arms at the elbows and tense the arm muscles.



Useful for the Boxer.

Now lunge vigorously forward with the left leg—straight forward, and not to the left, as in an exercise I have given previously. At the same time let out hard with the left fist as if you were hitting at the air.

Recover smartly to the starting position and repeat the process with right arm and right leg. Continue the exercise some twenty times with each arm.

The whole body will profit by the exercise rather than any individual part, but it will be kept supple and fit, while the muscles of arm and shoulder will be especially well exercised.

UNCONSCIOUS EXERCISES.

LITTLE EVERYDAY THINGS THAT KEEP YOU FIT.

The man who, through force of circumstances, leads a sedentary life, generally tries as far as possible to counteract any ill-effects of his mode of existence by dumb-bell exercises or Indian club work in the morning and at night. And when he finds that his cheeks bear the ruddy glow of health, and, in the billiard-room at night, he sees with pride that his hand is as steady as a rock, his mind instantly flies to those same dumb-bells or Indian clubs as the one cause of this highly satisfactory state of things.

But though they are, of course, largely responsible, they are in most cases by no means the only factor of his physical fitness.

All sorts of little things that he does in the ordinary course of his everyday life are also to be thanked; and if you, dear reader, are, like the writer, one of the great army of sedentary workers, I feel sure that a little consideration of your own case will make this clear to you.

Suppose, for instance, that you work in a big business office where a multiplicity of weighty ledgers are constantly in circulation from one room to another. Let us presume that part of your duties consists in loading them on a trolley and wheeling them along corridors and passages into the general manager's sanctum, where you have to unload them for that majestic gentleman's inspection. Well, though you may not enjoy it at the time, this is an exercise which, on account of its regular occurrence and the energy you have to devote to it, contributes not inconsiderably towards keeping you in good condition.

Have you ever taken an overdue interest in the morning paper, which you prop against the breakfast coffee-pot, and consequently been obliged to run for your train to business? You have. Well, when you have caught it, and sunk happily into your seat, and your "breath" has returned to you, have you not experienced a feeling that all is well in the best of all possible worlds? Have you not, in short, felt "fit"? That run for the morning train does hundreds of fellows more good every day than most of them would ever imagine to be possible.

Some years ago the present writer worked in an office on the sixth floor of a large block of buildings, and one day, when feeling rather "seedy," he went to see a doctor, the latter asked the rather surprising question:

"Do you always go up and down to your office in the lift, eh?"

The answer, naturally enough, was in the affirmative.

"Then try walking up and down for a time," said the medico, shortly. He explained that the output of physical energy required to walk up six steep flights of stairs was very exhausting, and that the practice would provide a very salutary exercise for the average sedentary worker.

It is certainly a fact, though perhaps few people are aware of it, that to walk up and down the steps of an edifice such as the London Monument continuously for, say, half an hour every day would be enough to give most people a weak heart before very long.

The reader may possibly remember having read in the papers a few months back that riding on the top of motor-'buses was very healthy. Eminent medical men stated that it was in no way inferior to riding on horseback as an exercise. From the point of view of breathing fresh air, it cannot be beaten, and the jolting one always undergoes affords much stealthy benefit to the liver.

Even the stooping down to tie up your shoe lace, or the reaching up to take a book out of a high shelf, and similar trivial things that you do every day of your life are exercises that you perform without thinking of them, but which contribute to the general welfare of the body.

So that in many ways the sedentary worker can console himself with the thought that the conditions of his life might be much worse.

C. S. JONES.

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" 13	156,990	" 14	188,210	" 14	222,150	" 13	266,530
" 20	158,240	" 21	190,430	" 21	225,270	" 20	270,190
" 27	160,310	" 28	193,150	" 28	228,690	" 27	274,350
Feb. 3	162,530	May 5	196,280	Aug. 4	231,850	Nov. 3	278,610
" 10	164,720	" 12	198,670	" 11	235,260	" 10	282,970
" 17	167,180	" 19	200,790	" 18	238,570	" 17	287,350
" 24	169,350	" 26	203,140	" 29	242,190	" 24	291,690
Mar. 3	171,760	June 2	205,860	Sept. 1	245,460	Dec. 1	295,280
" 10	174,580	" 9	208,170	" 8	248,720	" 8	298,960
" 17	177,210	" 16	210,920	" 15	252,380	" 15	302,610
" 24	180,490	" 23	213,470	" 22	255,970	" 22	307,190
" 31	182,170	" 30	216,580	" 29	259,610	" 29	310,240

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A WORD FOR THE NAVY

THE BLUEJACKET AND HIS TRAINING.

To every youngster there is a time when the call of the world comes—the wander-fever.

The rich man's son, who has a choice and the means of gratifying it, can enter the Navy or Army, or indulge in travel in whatever way he or his parents please.

For the poor man's son, however, little choice is left, but the ranks of the Navy or Army are open to him, and if he means to see the world which calls him, he chooses between the Blue and Khaki.

It is of the Navy I write, as one who has been through it, knowing the modern sailor man, his virtues and his failings, and in short what a fine manly fellow he is.

The Navy and Army are, as a class, looked down upon, not by right thinking people, but snobs are counted in thousands, and the British Blue is often made to feel the weight of sneers and snubs administered in large doses by this class. Here is an instance from my own experience.

A short time ago I was travelling in an empty third-class carriage in uniform. The train was apparently full but for my carriage. A couple of the middle-class were aimlessly hurrying up and down the platform—you know the sort of thing I mean—yet after passing me twice they still hesitated. Presently the *lady* said, loud enough for me to hear and in a tone which left me in no doubt as to her opinion of me, "I really cannot go in there with that sailor."

A SOCIAL INJUSTICE.

The intelligent sailor man, who respects himself and his uniform, often feels that he is a social pariah through wearing the King's Blue. Some people treat him as a child—a naughty child—and do not realise that he, too, is making strides towards the same goal.

I have left the Service—invalided, through no fault of mine or the Service I love—yet I still feel the sting of this treatment, and hope in these columns to remove some of the stigma resting upon my beloved uniform.

My aim is to write about the Service and the spirit pervading it, but mainly of the men themselves and their training—would I could be with them now.

Down Channel—the Straits—t'other side of the Line or the Behring Seas—what matter where? these are men, whether in the strict routine of the gunnery school or in a typhoon in China, the same.

As a youngster, I ran away from home and apprenticeship, and joined the old Training Service. The old wooden *St. Vincent* was my first sea home, and I count my first twelve months' service amongst the happiest and the hardest of twelve years under the White Ensign.

THEN AND NOW.

The Training Service is improved now, and the boys have barracks, "stone frigates," and more comfort, but I doubt if any old "shell-back" will do aught but grunt in disapproval if you speak of the relative merits of the new and old systems.

In the "Saint" we were 800 strong, and averaged sixteen years of age. The discipline was very strict—what else could it be?—the rod was freely used, and we weren't too fond of our very plain food. We washed our own clothes. Great guns! I well remember my first attempt. I tried to scrub a flannel shirt, and rinsed it in salt water!

Oh, the numberless mistakes I made, and the laughs at my expense! Bless you, we were all more or less green!

Then came my first fight, when a big boy stole my breakfast. When we'd nearly finished—to say truth, I couldn't have held out another minute—my instructor came along, took our names, and clapped us in the commanding officer's report.

Publicly we were punished—six cuts of the cane administered by the strong right arm of a ship's corporal—but it was amply atoned for when my instructor, a petty officer with enormous whiskers and a voice of thunder, tapped me on the head and said, "You've got sand, kid." I forgot the two black eyes, the minor bruises and the hiding, and that little sentence put more spirit in me than a whole book of sermons.

PROMOTION.

Before long I was rated an instructor boy, and wore a star and badge on my arm. Lord, how proud I was of it, and how hard I tried to disguise it!

I spent twelve months in the "Saint"; it was hard, and I was often homesick, but I had a feeling of regret when I left, and my old instructor said, "You'll pick it up in the next ship, my son—no durn nursery there!" But the kindly ring in the voice gave me heart, and I registered a vow to "pick it up" if I could.

Well, I did—opportunities came, and when I, as a P.O. myself, saw him next I went up to him.

Says he "Have a drink," we did. "H'm," says he, "d—d if I know who they'll make P.O. next—have another," and we did.

He was a good sort, and you don't meet many like him in the world.

LEARNING TO SWIM.

I think my first trial was swimming. We went to the public baths, as it was winter time. After preliminaries we were told to jump in. Now I'd been trying to teach myself to swim for months, but never managed to get confidence.

I jumped in, and after being some hours beneath the water I at length emerged, and what a fuss I made!

Well, they pulled me out, and the swimming instructor said, "You ain't much of a fish. Have another go." I did, and it came easier. I learned in four days, because I had to.

When I look back on these early struggles, and think of the many difficulties which seemed always before me, and which were yet so easily surmounted and passed over, I feel that it was worth it, and I should like to live it all over again.

H. WILLIAMS.

HOW TO MAKE A HURDLE.

A hurdle is a very easy and a useful thing to make, whether it is wanted to keep in cattle or sheep or to put up in a vacant meadow to teach a young horse his jumps.

The proper stuff to make a hurdle of is ash poles.

These must be cut the length wanted, then split in half and the bark taken off.

Bore some holes in the ends, put the poles on the ground, hammer them into place, finish with a few nails to hold them in the sockets, and there you have a hurdle.

There is another use it may be put to. It will serve as a fence to separate the flower-garden from the kitchen-garden, and may then be covered with a creeper—hops for instance.

SPORT'S DEBT TO THE FARMER.

UNSELFISHNESS WITH WHICH HE IS NOT ALWAYS CREDITED.

It is difficult for the sportsman, and especi the hunting man, to realise fully all that he o to the farmer, who, though himself a keen spor man at heart, is too often obliged to stifle all h sporting ambitions in order to make a living o of the land.

But a very little consideration will convince t most thoughtless that but for the active co-ope tion and passive endurance of our good old frie Giles, sport in England would be a very differe thing from what it happily is to-day.

When galloping over open fields and w trimmed hedges, fiercely enjoying the gre pursuit, when hounds are working well and t scent is good, and fields fly behind one as the p increases and the rush of wind grows stronger a more exhilarating—at such times it may seem t there can be no possible objection to the free of the land.

What harm can be done by a field of twenty thirty horsemen and a pack of hounds? Th pass swiftly over the land, leaving hardly a tr of their progress beyond the hoot-marks, and he and there a gap, already wide, made wider.

But whether the damage is great or small, the is the fact that the field has made a sudden r over land that is just as private as another man garden or office. The farmer makes his living o and on, the land, and to have a horde of career sportsmen breaking through without a momen notice is at least an unsolicited and somewh violent attention which might very easily rouse t resentment of the farmer.

To his infinite and everlasting credit he seldo complains; and still less frequently does send in any bill for damages to the M.F.H.

That the latter would meet his claim fairly a squarely I do not for a moment doubt, but he d not ask the field to do the damage, nor did the ask his permission. How many of the hunti men, I wonder, who have just trooped across th stretch of plough would allow two or three doze men, armed with sticks, and accompanied terriers, to sweep like a whirlwind through th offices after a rat?

I fancy that the offer to compensate them any damage that might be done by accident wo hardly be a sufficient inducement to give t necessary permission.

Then, again, it may be answered that the farm would suffer the loss of poultry—cocks and he ducks, geese, turkeys, and other livestock hunting were not so generally practised. I there is no argument in this. The farmer kno a much more effective way of ridding his neig bourhood of foxes than by asking the local hu to run them down.

There is nothing in itself disgraceful in shooti a fox. It has only become an act which no sport man thinks of doing because there are oth sportsmen who enjoy chasing the fox.

If the farmer cares to send in a claim for t poultry he loses by the nightly visits of the fox, h is pretty sure to have every satisfaction given h in dealing with the hunt officials; but here ag he could protect himself from all such visitation much more securely than the hunt can prot him, and the market value of the poultry he lo may not represent by any means the value he upon it.

Money cannot compensate a man beyond certain point. It is notoriously useless as a ba to the wounded feelings of any sportsm whether he be farmer or titled aristocrat.

It is to the credit of the farmer that he almost invariably downright glad to see the h on his land.

He is too often unable to join it, but as handles the plough or looks after his stock, feels all the excitement of the hunt. And possi this is to him the next best thing to a canter his own mare.

J. G. HAYWARD.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

FAIR AND UNFAIR COMPETITION.

I recently came across an amusing instance of competition. It was in a London suburb, and I first heard of it from a stationer.

"We are having a new shop opened next week," he said, "the double-fronted one beside the cycle-agent's. It's going to be a cycle shop also, and it's being opened by a man from Birmingham."

It was not until a week later that I again visited that suburb. By that time the new cycle shop had opened. The window was stocked in the usual way, and no particular alteration had been made to the old shop front, which closely abutted upon that of the cycle-dealer next door.

The cycle-dealer who had been first in the field, had pasted across his window a huge notice, printed red letters, upon a white background, and inscribed with the word "ENTRANCE." It had a large hand pointing to his own door.

I could not fail to be amused, for this notice and the architectural arrangement of the shop windows unquestionably gave the impression that all three windows were part and parcel of the original shop, and that the entrance pointed to by the red hand was the only one.

It was a very neat way of turning competition to one's own ends, and I rather admired my old friend, the cycle-agent, for his acumen.

I dropped in to see him in order that I might learn his views on the matter.

"I don't think it's fair," he said, "to start a bicycle shop next door to another in such a suburb as this, where trade is none too plentiful. It means that one of us has to go under, and I don't think it will be me. Some of my customers give him six months, and some give him three—one of them wanted me to go and challenge him to a fight, but I'm no hand at that kind of thing."

The sentiments of the customer who wanted the original cycle-dealer to challenge his competitor to a fight, were reflected in other remarks that were made to me in other shops that same evening. There was a general feeling that the new-comer had not played fair in opening a shop next door to another man in the same line of business.

"It's the sort of thing you might do in London itself," said one, "but it isn't right in a place like this, where each of us depends for his living upon the goodwill of his neighbours."

I have known men who were of the most unscrupulous type and who could yet successfully deceive the public into supposing that they were universal benefactors. You may succeed in this type of deception by advertising throughout the length and the breadth of the country, but you cannot deceive your immediate neighbours, and when you depend upon their goodwill, as did this new cycle-dealer, it is necessary for you to be as honest in intention as you profess to be.

Keen trade competition has much to be said for it, for it enables the public to secure goods at a low price; but there are limits to competition, and when you deliberately set up a shop next door to a man who is already established in the same line, you cannot expect him and his neighbours to be broken-hearted if your business fails.

The man who can do this kind of thing is not a sportsman, and, after all, there is an element of sport in business as in all other aspects of life; it is a thing which the British public never fails to appreciate, and the neglect of which never fails to arouse its resentment.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

DECAMPED!

In THE MODERN MAN for December 18 I stated that I knew of a firm of stock and share dealers that was preparing to cut its liabilities by starting business under another name. What I knew was going on—so to speak— has now crystallised into fact.

The firm has disappeared, and the furniture also.

I stated in a later number of this journal that I knew of the office they had in mind, and that I would introduce them to the public under their new name when they bobbed up again. So let us wait until they approach the public for more money, which will be very shortly—as soon as their literature is ready.

GERSON, HAMSON & CO.—This firm of outside brokers have disappeared from their address—Norfolk House, Lawrence Pountney, E.C. I have warned readers against them, but those who have had dealings with them and have not been able to get their money might write to me. Probably I can help them. But I must have the fact—the papers proving the claim.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. T. C. (Ilford), A. R. (Shelt)—Cannot recommend the people you name.

AXIM AND TARKWA GOLDFIELDS.—G. R. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne)—Would make a pretty good investment if you take them off the market.

A. W. (Doncaster).—It would be throwing good money after bad to follow up your interest in the shares you name.

DIVIDENDS.—E. P. (Castleford)—If you sold the shares cum-dividend, the buyer is entitled to the dividend.

HUDSON BAYS.—H. B. C. (Bedford)—A good speculative investment, but as the amount you suggest is rather small, you may have to pay an outside price.

H. B. (West Kirby).—The firm you name have decamped. You are not the only one who made profits on paper and could not get the money. If you will forward me all the documents I will do my best for you. I am in touch with others in a similar position. You will see what I have already said about them in THE MODERN MAN, and that I anticipated they would disappear. I have not finished with them yet, and think I shall know where to find them when I want them.

J. C. (Nottingham).—The firm you name is not in any way connected with the paper you name.

T. D. H. (Crewe).—Keep your money in Consols. They have gone better, as I said they would, and may go better still, but they cannot go worse very easily.

J. W. R. (Carlisle).—The standing of the bank is not good in the sense of its being an ordinary bank, which it is not. The higher the interest, the greater the risk. The "bank" has to run risks in employing the deposit in order to pay the rate of interest they offer.

C. N. B. (Dublin).—The firm is in great financial straits. You will be well advised to have nothing to do with it.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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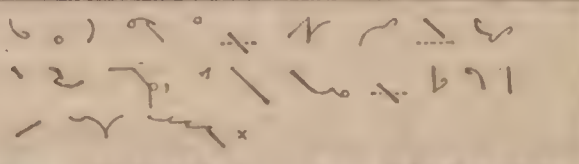

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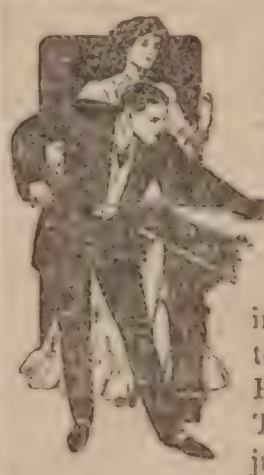

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EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

VI. THE HEROIC RÔLE.

We were at breakfast, and Ferris was going idly through his correspondence when a surprised "Hallo!" from him made me glance up.

The superscription on a large black-edged envelope had evidently arrested his attention, for he was regarding it with puckered brows.

Then he darted a look at me that struck me as almost furtive before he tore open the envelope. So unlike Ferris was it to be furtive that I could not help but notice it, and I kept my eyes on him with some curiosity as he read the letter.

The pucker became a frown, and he perused the letter once again. His after-consideration was so prolonged that I ventured to ask him if the mourning paper meant bad news.

"No, no," he said, absently. "No . . . not exactly bad news."

And he folded the letter up and put it in his pocket, though not before he had taken a quick look at the clock.

When a man involuntarily does that, upon receiving a communication, it is fairly safe to assume that its contents have to do with an appointment.

I made no such assumption at the time, but later in the day I recollected the trifling incident.

A wire from Ferris reached me during the afternoon. It read: "Be in your rooms from five onwards. I want you to-night."

I half suspected for what kind of purpose he wanted me, and no doubt he read the suspicion in my face when he came in just on six o'clock, for he smiled and faintly shook his head as though in reproof.

Truth to tell, the Devereux episode was scarcely a month old, and it had been quite daring enough, as well as profitable enough, to satisfy me for some time to come. Frequently I recalled the adage of the pitcher going too often to the well, and there was that in Ferris's face this particular evening which I was beginning to know uneasily well.

"It will probably please you to know," he observed, sitting down and striking a match on his boot, "that we are called upon for once to play the romantic heroes of fiction in real life. There's a rôle to suit your Irish temperament, my boy!"

"Past experience has been for us to double the part with that of the villain," I put in, rather grimly.

"I won't contradict you," said he, lighting a cigarette and settling himself comfortably; "but we must never allow the custom that stales. No; this is genuinely quixotic, and unimpeachably honourable. A lady in distress, ourselves the valiant champions. How does that suit you?"

"The authoress of the billet-doux this morning?" I queried shrewdly.

"The same—and I congratulate you upon your perspicuity. It isn't often I'm stirred to surprise, but that handwriting sufficed to create the novel sensation. It was a matter of several years since I had looked upon it, and it brought back—memories."

He paused; and gazed through narrowed lids at the smoke twining up from his cigarette.

"An old flame, eh?" said I, with a laugh that I regretted instantly, for Ferris did not laugh.

"Hardly the term, Burke," he continued. "She was in London for a time, and we were good comrades. She's in trouble now, and she was contemplating trouble then. And it's a matter of opinion which is the worse of the two. She had got to marry a man she feared, and she was taking what she could find in the way of happiness while she had the chance, which is the sporting spirit that we want to doff our hats to. Many women sweeten the bitter present with a memory of the past, you know."

"Had to marry him?" I asked, copying his quiet tone.

"Royalty hasn't much option," said he.

"Royalty!" I echoed.

"The Princess Balakowsky, of Russia," said he calmly. "Now incognito in England as Madame Flavia, having fled from the cruelties of her husband and been mercifully divorced in consequence. I see you know the name, and the Yellow Press will have acquainted you with sufficient details of her circumstances.

"She committed the unpardonable atrocity, you will remember, of bearing away with her the jewels that were hers by right of her station, so as to have some means of subsistence for the future. That fact constitutes her trouble to-day. The Prince doesn't mind losing his wife, but he strongly objects to losing the family jewels, and he's been scouring the Continent to find her for the last few months. But in spite of his army of spies and the indefatigable sniffings of the Yellow Press reporters, she hasn't been found yet.

"The one inconvenience of it all is that he has rendered her too frightened to attempt to sell or pledge the valuables. That inconvenience has now become rather serious."

He looked my way.

"She has asked you to do it for her," said I.

He nodded.

"She intimated as much when I called upon her to-day—an invalid lady in a fifth-rate Bayswater boarding-house; too scared to go out, too ill to do so, even if she dared. Friendless. . . . A girl five years ago, with a young face and a young heart. Of all the beautiful women in St. Petersburg—and there are more there than in any city in the world—she was the most beautiful. And she's an old woman now, Burke."

He cast his cigarette away, and sat with tightened lips for several minutes. The light manner with which he had opened had completely disappeared, and now an honest grief shone in his eyes.

"These Russians!" he said at last, and the bone in his jaw worked.

He stood up.

"The jewels are downstairs," he said. "Come and see them."

We went below to his flat.

Out of a small brief bag that was lying on the table he brought a tiara, a necklace of diamonds and sapphires, several aigrettes, bracelets, rings, pendants—a flashing heap of pricelessness which he handled as though it were unclean.

"There they are! She says she never wants to see them again, and I think I understand why. To-morrow we'll see about getting rid of them. They'll pledge for as much as they'll fetch at a dealer's, and should realise a handsome sum. There's no embargo on them, you understand, and all we shall have to do will be to dispose of them with as little ostentation as possible. I don't want it to become known that I've handled the transaction, simply because it is undesirable that I should gain any reputation for business capability."

And the first bitterness that I had ever known him display twitched his face.

"Thus," he continued, "I shall enlist your help to dispose of the smaller things. You must be careful to be frank. Give your card at each place—I'll give you a list of the firms to go to—and where a reference is hinted at, give them the irreproachable name of the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P. There's somebody ringing. Go and see who it is, will you?"

I went along the passage to the door of his flat. (For obvious reasons Ferris kept no servants.) A bearded man, of such striking physique as almost to fill the doorway, confronted me. He was wearing a strapped coat, with astrachan collar and cuffs; his thick cheeks were red, and there was red fury gleaming from under the shaggy brows.

As though an inner voice had shouted the words to me, I knew who he was.

"Mr. Ferris?" he demanded, taking a stride forward.

"Who are you?" I returned with equal bluntness. And I barred the way.

"Prince Balakowsky," he replied, and he took another step, so that his chest was against mine, while his great face towered above me. If he stood an inch he was six and a half feet high.

"Ask the Prince to come in," called the level voice of Ferris along the passage.

"Ah!" grunted the Russian, who swept me aside with galling ease.

I followed hotfoot after him, assured by the rapidity of his progress that he intended physical violence.

Ferris stood aside for him to enter and bowed with a courtesy that was wholly ironic.

"Your Highness's pleasure?" said he.

Insensiby the other had returned the salute, a testimony, if any were needed, to Ferris's breed being superior to my own.

"My wife has acquainted me with the obligation you have undertaken on her behalf," replied the Russian, speaking in French. "But my timely arrival will relieve you of the necessity, m'sieur."

"Pardon! Your wife?" The inflection was subtly offensive in itself.

"My late wife—my divorced wife," added the Russian, with a shake of beard and shoulders.

"Ah, yes. And the obligation is——?"

I glanced at the table, and saw to my amazement that the brief bag was still there. I could even catch the gleam of the jewels.

But to reach the bag the Russian had to pass Ferris.

"The disposition of certain gems belonging to our family, m'sieur," the former was answering.

"Then there must surely be an error," Ferris replied. "It's a trivial service to Madame Flavia that I am rendering."

"Come! No prevarications, m'sieur."

Ferris arched his brows faintly, and stared coolly at the Russian.

"I repeat," continued the latter, trembling with rage, "I have come to release you from the obligation undertaken on behalf of Princess Balakowsky. I demand——"

"The Princess Balakowsky," interrupted Ferris with the same ironical courtesy, "I regret to say I have not the honour of knowing."

"Madame Flavia, then!"

"Have you come from her?" inquired Ferris.

"I have. Now, my servant Droski informed me several days ago where she was to be found. I came immediately."

"Monsieur Droski is the head of the Russian Secret Service Police, I understand?"

"True, m'sieur. But that is irrelevant. Your answer?"

"My answer," said Ferris calmly, "is that to grant your request is impossible."

"I have Madame's authority."

"That is immaterial."

"Jesu Maria! you——you——"

"Yes——?"

The ice-blue eyes gazed immovably into the rage-lit eyes of the other.

"You mean you have already disposed of the jewels?" stammered the Prince.

"I mean that such authority would only be extorted by methods best known to yourself," replied Ferris, with a steely ring in his voice. "As to the jewels, they have not been disposed of. They are here."

And Ferris half-turned and waved a hand towards the bag on the table.

Prince Balakowsky uttered a gruff exclamation, whether of astonishment or exultation I could not determine, and his brown hand stretched out, clutching.

Without haste or appearance of defiance Ferris closed the bag and turned again to his visitor.

The Russian had become inarticulate.

"This gentleman," continued Ferris, indicating me, "is at present in negotiation for the purchase, and I have hopes that the transaction will be satisfactorily completed before he leaves."

"You would not dare, sir," said the Prince, in English, wheeling on me fiercely. "I forbid it. Those jewels are stolen property. They are mine."

"Mr. Ferris," said I, stiffly, "is not a gentleman usually accused of dishonest behaviour."

And Ferris drooped one lid approvingly.

His shoulders shaking, cheeks flaming, hands jerking up and down, the Russian mixed three languages in a torrent of invective and threat. Then he bounced out.

I was in laughter at his exit when I caught sight of Ferris's face, the iron sternness of which silenced me.

"That poor woman," he said. "They'll hound her to her death unless we prevent them."

He began to pace quickly up and down the room.

"That ferret Droski will be waiting outside, sure as damnation, for his master. That was why I showed him the jewels. The bat! I had to flourish them in his face before he could see them. It's the jewels they want. They'll leave her alone if they get them. They know they're here. They know they're here."

He was talking with feverish rapidity, and for the fiftieth time that night I wondered how much this woman had once meant to him.

"It's *you* they'll be after," he said, darting a finger at me. "You!"

He stopped in his stride, and the inspiration which was his genius, flashed into his face.

"You played up well, Burke," he cried. "You never turned a hair of doubt. 'Mr. Ferris,' said you, 'is not usually considered a dishonest gentleman.' The only relief in an evening dark as the pit of Eremon! You shall play it out. He thinks you the agent of a big jewellery dealer, and you *shall* be for a little longer. Cut upstairs and get into your coat and hat. You shall take the jewels of the Princess through the streets of London unprotected, with the shrewdest spy in Europe on your track, and if he doesn't relieve you of them I'm a saint!

"No questions now. You shall know everything when you come down. I have something to do meanwhile myself. We'll win this hand, despite the royal flush that wolf-hound carried when he went out. Phœbus! I like the spirit in your eyes."

And with a clap on the shoulder he sent me off, careless of nothing now that irresistible Ferris ordered and I could obey.

* * * * * * *

Twenty minutes later, sobered, and primed with a few explicit instructions, I descended the lift and emerged into Victoria Street, carrying the bag containing the Balakowsky jewels.

Walking along for a little distance I consulted my watch, and then stood on the pavement waiting for a passing taxi.

A hand touched my arm.

"Your pardon, sir," said a quiet voice. "Can I have a moment's conversation with you?"

"No," said I, putting my other hand to the handle of my bag as I turned.

A short and wiry man, with a lined, clean-shaven face, was peering at me with blinking eyes. There was a foreign atmosphere about him, though it would have taken an expert to decide his nationality. He spoke perfect English.

"About your late interview with the Prince," he continued smoothly. "I am Droski, a Russian police agent, and I warn you that you are compounding a felony by purchasing the contents of this bag."

And he lightly touched the bag.

"I don't know who you are, or care," said I, "and I require no advice about my business."

Favouring him with an aggressive British stare, I turned my back on him and hailed a taxi.

The time, I remember, was twenty minutes past seven. At half-past seven I was in a hatter's shop in Piccadilly, making myself a nuisance by my difficulty to be pleased, afterwards giving a fictitious name and address at Kensington to which the hat was to be sent.

Whether Droski contrived to gather this information I have not since learned, but until nearly ten o'clock I went from place to place, hotels being my chief choice, and then I took a hansom towards my fictitious address. By this time I was somewhat unsteady on my legs.

At the corner of the road in Kensington where I was supposed to live, and where I had never before been, I dismissed the hansom, and started to walk along a quiet road at a careful pace.

Ferris had told me to think hard that I was going home to a formidable wife, and it would be bound to make my steps lag. It did. Once or twice I stopped and muttered, reluctance radiating from me.

And it was precisely in one of these pauses that I received a stunning blow on the back of the head, and simultaneously felt a stinging pain in my right wrist. I let out a cry and dropped.

A dark figure sped away with the bag that had been torn from my hold. I watched him go, and then got rather dizzily to my feet and set off as fast as I could go in the opposite direction.

My fist felt wet, and I found it to be bleeding, evidently the result of a slash from a knife.

But I was indifferent to this. My part had been done, and done well.

Very soon another hansom carried me back to the mansions, and I was in Ferris's room, waiting for him.

Shortly after midnight there came the subdued sound of a window being opened, and I stepped swiftly into the bedroom.

"All right," said Ferris, and the first thing he did was to place the bag in my hands.

He had come up by the iron fire-escape ladder at the rear of the mansions to the balcony, a mode of entrance which suited him well when in a disguise too disreputable to be passed by the hall porter or liftman at the front. Just now he was the dingy cockney, with hanging shoulders, quick, cunning steps, and a pale, grimy face.

"I gave him time to glance inside," said Ferris on the threshold of the bathroom, "so that he might be quite sure he had had the right stuff in his possession. Then I served him the same trick as he served you. Sliced you, did he? Ah, that was a Slavonic variation. But an upper-cut was equally serviceable. Well, I haven't got the jewels now, nor has Droski, nor has our poor Princess. You've got them, the leading man in the night's show."

"I don't quite follow," I said.

"Why it's as simple as can be," he replied. "He stole the jewels from you, and now he supposes that he has been robbed in turn by an ordinary London thief. That the things are in our possesion will never enter his thoughts."

"Smart," I said, "very! But you're wrong in saying I was the leading spirit."

"Yes, you were," he laughed at my disavowal. "But the difficulty of disposal of the swag has been magnified, and in that matter you shall have the benefit of my advice. And the resulting benefit will belong to the Princess, who now, at last, is free. The whole affair makes me feel distinctly virtuous, old chap. And that kind of feeling bores any man, if he will but confess it."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.* —EDITOR.]

HIGH-GRADE POSITIONS.

We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical, Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-£1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day—or call.

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"SPOT OR PLAIN, SIR?"

SOME STORIES FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

By A WEST-END BILLIARD-MARKER.

"What's the score, marker?"

A youth, with a handsome beardless face, chalking his cue with all the awkwardness of the novice, and yet with an assumption of ease, turns to me as I stand by my marking board, rest in hand.

"Twenty-four — twenty-eight, sir," I answer mechanically; and he goes to the board, muttering something about having to buck up if he's going to win.

But he doesn't win. His opponent, a big, black-moustached man, with a profusion of diamond rings, and a carefully acted air of joviality, sees to that. The poor youth is a good pigeon, and in the end is well plucked.

There was a time once when I was shocked at the swindles that go on in West-End billiard-rooms; and I remember one occasion when, with the chivalry of youth, I determined to get back a fiver that a crook had got out of a youngster. I did it because I knew the youth could not afford to lose it—he wasn't one of the ordinary gilded jays, but a clerk having a "night out."

So I started to knock the balls about and was careful to do this as clumsily as possible. Then I asked the sharp if he'd care for a game. He played three and won them. Then he said he'd play another for 10s. and drinks, and I took it on. I led off with a miss in baulk; and the sharp made a 72 break. I replied with a 30; but my opponent then ran out.

So I pretended to get into a terrible temper; and, saying that I'd got £5 in my cashbox upstairs, I offered to play him for that sum. He thought it was a good thing, so he agreed. This time, instead of giving a miss, I ran in off the red, leaving it over the left-hand centre pocket, and by means of losers and winners ran up 58 for a start. He didn't score. Then I made 20, and he retaliated with 40; but at my next visit to the table I ran out, so I got his fiver, which I returned to his original victim, deducting the ten shillings and the cost of the drinks I'd lost in getting it back; but, sad to say, I lost my job over that good turn. The sharp complained to the guv'nor and I was sacked.

Experience has made me callous in the twenty-five years that have passed since then; but even now I shudder when I have to play with one particular customer. Why?

Because more poor women of the unfortunate class throw themselves into the Thames through him than for any other cause.

It's safe to say that every reader who frequents the West-End has seen him at some time or other. He is always immaculately dressed, wears a shining top-hat and a monocle; and he offers to supply jewellery to poor women on the instalment plan. So long as the poor girls pay him—which they have to do weekly and through the nose—all is well; but when the day comes when they haven't got the money, he makes their lives such a misery that many of them commit suicide.

Ah, yes! A billiard-marker's life is a pretty gloomy one on the whole, but sometimes a bright flash comes into it.

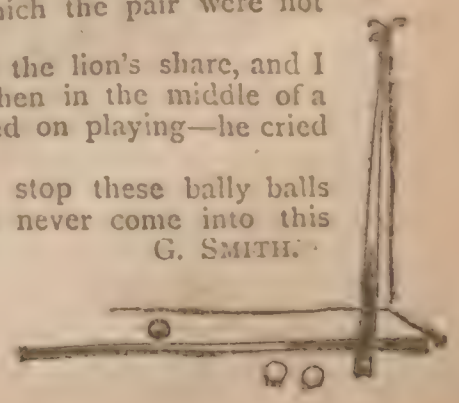
For instance, I'll tell you a story about a well-known comedian who raised himself to the top of the tree by his acting in a recent record-breaking musical comedy. His name is now in every playgoer's mouth, but I won't mention it because he perhaps wouldn't like it.

One afternoon he came down to my saloon with another comedian, almost equally well known, and in a fit of great generosity ordered several bottles of champagne, which the pair were not long in consuming.

The host, however, had the lion's share, and I was very much tickled when in the middle of a game—for the two insisted on playing—he cried out:

"Marker, if you don't stop these bally balls from jumping about, I'll never come into this place again!"

G. SMITH.



Things I do myself and Why.

THE ADVANTAGE OF DISPENSING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S SERVICES.

Time was when I laughed at the adage, or proverb, or whatever it is, that says: If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.

In those irresponsible and care-free days I was not particular about doing anything for myself when there was a sporting chance of anyone else doing it for me. However badly it was done, it seemed to me in those days that even so it was better than that I should have to do it myself. I was, like most irresponsible young chaps, as lazy as circumstances and necessity would allow me to be.

But this sort of period, through which every young man passes, I suppose, in time gave place to a rather different sort of attitude towards the little odds and ends of things that make life pleasant.

And so it came about that, from being satisfied with anything done anyhow, I developed an opposite desire and an equally strong one for having everything done perfectly, or as near to perfection as is possible in this pitch-and-toss business called Life, with all its makeshifts and compromises.

TROUBLES WITH LANDLADIES.

This desire to do things for myself was really the outcome of a long sojourn in diggings. It is far easier, and simpler, and quicker, to enumerate the few things that the average landlady, or her unemployed husband, or her maid-of-all-work, can accomplish to the satisfaction of an ordinary man than it is to set down the interminable tale of things that they ought to, but cannot, do to the satisfaction of an ordinary man who is willing to pay for their services.

A few months of life in diggings showed me that ordinary decent comfort was very largely a matter quite independent of the rest of the household and quite within my own power. And so I voluntarily "took over" from those who ought to have done them certain duties which I proposed to perform for myself in future.

The first of these things was—the cleaning of my boots. I have not yet fathomed the "principle" upon which a lodging-house servant attacks a stout pair of boots—such a pair as I use on my Saturday afternoon rambles over the hills and through the muddy fields. I suspect that she takes up a boot, shudders at the "muck" upon it, shuts her eyes, and does a bit of scraping with the potato-peeler and a little brushing with a bristleless brush, and then places them outside my door.

THE REMEDY.

Anyway, they were never clean when I allowed her to "clean" them. Which is Irish, but it expresses my meaning.

As for attempting to put them on the trees after removing them in the evening, such a thing never entered her head. So now I possess a good boot-cleaning outfit, and I never step out of the house with even a lingering doubt about the spick-and-span shine of my boots. No mud hangs about the crevices between the soles and the "uppers," nor is the blacking or the brown polish laid on over the remains of last week's walk.

Yet another thing usually performed for men, but a thing that I invariably do for myself, is to light my fires.

When will some enterprising capitalist start a school for training servants and others to light a fire? There is a fortune waiting for him.

The profoundest ignorance on the art prevails among all servants. They bung up the grate with too much paper, throw the wood into the centre of this mass without giving it a chance of support from the bars while it is burning, and then they pile heavy coal on the two.

The consequence is that after applying a match to the paper all support is taken from the heavy mass above, and when the last scrap of paper is burnt the wood and coal give a sort of lurch and fall with a dull shuffle, which completely prevents a flame from surviving, and the fire is—out.

Fortunately that is not the only way to "light" a fire. Now I keep all the necessary materials in a handy cupboard, and whenever I want a fire I get one—by laying it myself. It's a very simple process when ordinary common sense is brought to bear on the matter. Without going into details I may say that the main secret is to give the wood support by hitching it in the bars in stages, and by laying some of it crossways, so that the coal is held up and the air can circulate.

THE LAUNDRY DIFFICULTY.

I never trust my landlady or her helper with my laundry. Either they cannot, or will not, read, and so I used frequently to find that things were missing from my weekly packet, or else the wrong things were returned, or the right things were returned in ruins.

Now I see to it myself, and I am on the track of the laundry while the matter is fresh, and there can be no doubt about the loss or the damage. Previously these things were neglected or left until too late to make a fuss or get compensation.

Apart from domestic matters proper, there are numerous little things that a man can do better for himself than another can do for him. Shaving is pre-eminently one of them. The best barber will leave patches of stubble here and there upon the face—patches that only one's own hand can detect and one's own razor can really get at.

Moreover, I prefer to pull my own face about while shaving than to have this done for me by a stranger, though he may be the cleanest of barbers and surround himself with all the antiseptic appliances that science ever invented.

Even though my own soap, brush, and razor are kept at the barber's, I can never be sure that mistakes are not made, and that I have the exclusive use of them.

MINOR ITEMS.

Among other things that are small in themselves, though they mean much in the aggregate, which I invariably do for myself, I may mention the putting of links into cuffs.

This can be done in such a way as to spoil the appearance of the cuffs. It can also be done without this result, and it is often the willing female helper—sister, mother, or wife, or even motherly landlady—who manages to do the wrong thing with the best intentions.

When you do these little things for yourself you have the great comfort of knowing that they are just as they want them to be.

The man who is wealthy enough to keep a valet must constantly feel a doubt as to whether these things have been properly done.

I know men who will never ride a horse unless they have previously done the saddling themselves; while there are cyclists innumerable who would never think of handing over their machines to the tender mercies of the cycle repairer either for their general overhauling or their periodical cleaning.

C. E. WILCOX.

TO BE WITHDRAWN NEXT WEEK.

After next week it will not be possible to obtain one of the art plates of Mr. Stanley Wood's famous picture, as the second limited edition is now almost exhausted. The picture is worthy of a place in every sportsman's den. If you desire a copy, it will be necessary for you to apply at once.

This picture has been associated with the fortunes of "The Modern Man" from the outset, and it is a dashing sporting study that is exactly what you want for your "den."

The size of these plates is 25½ inches by 19½ inches, and there is not a word of printed matter on them. They are eminently suitable for framing.

The price is 1/-, post free. The pictures will be sent out in cardboard tubes to prevent creasing.

All applications must be addressed to the Art Department, "The Modern Man" Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. C. (Rugeley).—It is unwise to attempt to clip your horse yourself. There is sure to be somebody about your part who is an expert at clipping, and it is worth while paying him to do the job for you, for a horse clipped by an amateur seldom looks well. You tell us that your horse is a restive one, and that you anticipate trouble when the time comes for clipping; the best way to make him stand quiet is for you to hold his halter with one hand and keep up one of his forelegs with the other during the operation. When he is standing on three legs, it is impossible for him to lash out, and he cannot hurt the man clipping him.

C. E. M. (Sowerby Bridge).—Many thanks for your photograph, which we are happy to add to our collection. If you had given us a fuller address we should have written a personal letter thanking you for it.

F. D. (Mountain Ash).—We do not know of any book published on fancy anvil work for smiths, but if any of our readers tells us of such a work we shall let you know. It would probably be best for you to consult some old blacksmith who makes a hobby of bent ironwork in his spare time.

R. S. (Sydney, N.S.W.).—Many thanks for having introduced the paper to those bushmen. Fine chaps they must be by your account, and we are proud to have them as readers. There is no need for you to have the paper sent to you from home each week as you can get it in any of the big newsagents' shops in Sydney.

W. N. (Blisworth).—The colour of the mount that you ought to have round your water-colour sketch depends very largely upon the nature of the sketch. Some look best with a white mount, and some with a dark, but the majority of water-colour sketches show to the fullest advantage when set off by a gilt mount.

J. A. (Rhode Island, U.S.A.).—The best way to remit money for small amounts to England is by International Postal Coupons, which can be purchased at nearly any Post Office in the United States. To send us American stamps is useless, as the Post Office here will not honour them.

A. J. S. (Gibraltar).—The particulars you give us as to the book you require are not sufficient for us to identify it. If you could tell us the exact title we could probably give you the name of the publisher; but why not apply to a bookseller? Surely you have one on the Rock.

R. B. (Dundee).—Join either the Scottish Horse or the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. Both are first-rate corps.

P. R. (Blackburn).—If you want a sharp dog, one capable of learning tricks and so forth, you cannot do better than buy a mongrel. Mongrels are, on an average, a hundred per cent. more intelligent than dogs of any recognised breed.

C. L. (Toronto).—We are always happy to receive the compliments of lady readers, and it appears that nowadays we have more than a few of them. Many thanks for promising to send us your photograph; we shall treasure it. We agree with you in your sorrow that there is not a lady's paper so good as ours, but one of these days we may produce one. Give us time.

H. S. (Nottingham).—You complain that your hair is too curly, and you want to discover some way of making it straight. Many men with straight hair would be glad to lose the straightness—such is life. If your hair is effeminately curly, however, you should wash it frequently, for that helps to make it less inclined to curl; you should also avoid greasy dressings, as they are apt to make the hair curl more than it would naturally do.

H. B. (Eastbourne).—Do not ask us to recommend a brand of blue pencils that will not break when you try to sharpen them. Such pencils have not yet been invented, and there is probably a fortune for the man who will make a really serviceable blue pencil.

The Chauffeur.

A LIFE STORY.

He looked out of place—that was the only way to describe it.

When I saw him, he was driving a motor van—a ramshackle van, not a brilliantly painted affair that bespoke the prosperity of his employers, but a lumbering noisy thing of a make long out of date.

He sat at that steering wheel with the expression the defeated Napoleon wore.

Fate had placed him on that van, just as Fate had placed the little Corporal on rock-girt St. Helena.

He had become a chauffeur from necessity—the last phase.

Those hands should have been handling the ribbons of a spanking team. Those eyes should have looked out at the world over his horse's ears. He was a horsey man turned chauffeur!

Why? Oh! the usual reason—riotous living, the rake's progress, the painted daughters of the horse-leech that had battened on the man of pleasure, until they had sucked him dry. And then the descent into inferno.

He knew nothing of work—pleasure had been the business of his life. But he loved horses.

He turned his attention to cab-driving. There, he thought, was a possibility of making a living—a dream as futile as if he had essayed to harness the white horses of Neptune. There was no room for him on the cab rank.

In a few years he learnt that the cab-owner would have to be a millionaire, for the horse-cab was doomed. There was no money in it—from a business it was becoming a simple luxury.

Petrol, not the muscles of the horse, was the motive power now. So he became a chauffeur. A Nimrod in disguise he looked in his leather outfit.

As he drove the van, he looked with envy at the few cabbies he passed on the road.

They thought his intent gaze spelt derision, and reviled him in the language of the ranks. And he got back a little, I fancy, of his old self-espect by replying to them in even choicer speech.

Ah! only a horsey man can slang like that. Perhaps they understood, for after that they looked at him sorrowfully, as one whom Fate had afflicted, and with the eyes of those who knew not when their turn might come.

From the purgatory of driving that ramshackle van a street collision saved him, and after being sacked by the van's proprietor he was engaged to drive a private car. The car belonged to an American dollar king.

Possibly the idea struck the plutocrat that it would be a fine thing to fasten that Napoleon-like individual to the steering-wheel of his car.

And like a centaur punished for his sins the chauffeur sat at the wheel—dreaming perhaps that his master would turn to horses one day.

But the American was a believer in steel and iron, and petrol and electricity, and cared nothing for the horse, and it at last dawned upon him that he would be a chauffeur to the end. He had entered on the last phase.

The millionaire was quite a young man, and he was going the pace as fast as petrol could take him.

The chauffeur watched—it was like being a spectator of his own mad career. He felt no desire to act as mentor. If the millionaire had cared for horses, perhaps he might have done so. But the callousness of the inanimate thing he steered seemed to have got into him.

Anyhow, the millionaire's vices did not appear to be any concern of his. He was only the chauffeur!

But there came a day when he felt he must interfere.

It came about in this way. There was a certain star of the variety firmament whose age was mythical, but whose charms were on the surface. And she threw her spell over the dollar king, even as in days of yore she had wiled the gold out of the pockets of a prodigal.

She had taken more than the gold, for she had stolen his name. And what she had been to him she aspired to be to the millionaire, for the young fool who had married her, was dead, of course.

He was—for he was a chauffeur, and it is only the ghost of a horsey man who would drive a piece of mechanism.

She got her way, for the dollar king proposed—she was wise enough to hold herself aloof until he did, and being enamoured, he gave in at last.

She smiled as she parted from him, the smile of a victorious Circe. But she did not notice another sort of smile on the face of the chauffeur.

That week-end the millionaire proposed joining the beauty at Brighton, and intended to motor down.

He could not drive himself. He knew nothing of the mechanism of the car, and he knew less of the man who did.

They started.

Lord! how the car raced. Had the chauffeur lost control of the machine? They were not on the road to the millionaire's proposed destination.

And as the car sped, the chauffeur leaned back and told his master a little story—that was what he called it—of a star that had fallen, not once, but ninety-and-nine times, since she became a wife.

"It would be kinder to kill you," he observed as he stopped the car on the edge of a chalk-pit.

The millionaire profited by this tactical mistake to clutch the chauffeur round the throat.

But the chauffeur was a better man at the game of fisticuffs than the Chicago cockerel, and he put him back in the car and reversed it, and started to return to London.

But the car, inanimate thing as it was, bore malice—and something happened!

The chauffeur got off scot free, but the other was saved from the sin of bigamy by being damaged for life.

Was it Fate's fault, or the chauffeur's? A. M STEWART.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

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Published Every Friday,

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SMOKING JACKETS.

Occasionally one sees in the windows of "ready-made" tailoring shops a garment which is labelled as a "smoking jacket."

It is usually made of velvet, but this does not seem to be indispensable. The really indispensable part of the thing seems to be the "frogs" on the front, for for some unintelligible reason buttons seem to be taboo, and the "smoking jacket" must be ornamented in front like the uniform of a Horse Artilleryman.

These jackets always strike me as a most unnecessary luxury, and my intention in this paragraph is not to recommend them.

But the principle of keeping one coat specially for smoking in your own den, or at home, is an excellent one. It should be an old coat, however, and it will only seem the more homely, even if it is so disreputable that it is impossible any longer to wear it out of doors.

A coat which you wear often when smoking in a small room is apt to become in time impregnated with the smell of tobacco, and you do not want to bring this aroma into ladies' drawing-rooms and similar places, where even a faint odour of tobacco becomes immediately noticeable.

The man who deliberately changes into an elaborate "smoking jacket," or dons a "smoking cap" with the orthodox tassel, whenever he proposes to indulge in a cigarette or a pipe is a *poseur* and a prig, but to change into an old coat, that may in itself bring back memories, when you intend to spend the evening at home, is a very different matter.

POCKET-FLAPS.

The average tailor, unless he is given special instructions, supplies only the two side-pockets of the jacket, and possibly the hip-pocket of the trousers, with flaps.

But for the man who does much "knocking about" this is not enough. Things have a way of dropping out of the pockets, or occasionally of being removed by some outside agency, that the pocket-flap is needed to counteract, and sporting attire, at any rate, should be plentifully supplied with them.

The waistcoat may well have a flap to each pocket, and if any difficulty is experienced in getting them to lie flat, they may be fixed down by means of buttons, and the contents of the pockets are thus made doubly safe.

The inside pockets of the jacket also are not as secure as they might be, and the ticket pocket and the right hand breast pocket, in which most men keep their pocket-book and papers, should be provided with flaps, the latter having also a button.

These are bound to come in useful some time—when you are travelling, riding, cycling, or what not—and if you do not tell your tailor to add them when he is making the suit, the chances are that you will never trouble to have them put on later.

If the suit is fitted with pocket-flaps, and you do not want to use them for the time being, it is easy to tuck them inside the pocket, where they will cause little or no inconvenience.

If you object to a flap, a certain amount of security can be obtained by having a button sewn on in such a way that the top of the pocket can be buttoned up in the centre, and thus no article of any size can escape from it.

RUBBER BOOTS.

A very useful luxury at this time of year is a pair of rubber boots or "gum boots" as they are often called.

For the fisherman, of course, such boots are of the greatest service, even if they only come up to the knees. But for many other sports they are extremely useful, and still more for "pottering about" in the country — the farmyard, for instance, or the stable, and so on.

For the Territorial in camp they are invaluable, since they enable one to look smart when wearing breeches, without having to put on tight boots, leggings, or puttees, and they are slipped on or off in a moment, besides being absolutely waterproof.

The best shape is that generally known as a "Squadron boot." It is made after the same pattern as a jack boot, and can actually be used for riding, as it fits closer to the calf than the ordinary loose knee boot which is intended more for use with trousers.

The average price of a good pair is about a guinea, but quite sound ones can be obtained for fifteen shillings or even less.

As they will naturally not be subjected to much hard wear or used on any but the softest and muddiest of roads, or in snow, these boots will last a long time without repair, and when they are worn through it is possible to have them fitted with a new sole of double thickness which will last for years.

It is possible also to obtain brown—or, rather, red—rubber boots of this description.

COLOURED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

The handkerchief of coloured silk is just now very much in fashion for undress wear, though it should on no account be used with evening dress, and preferably not with a morning or frock-coat.

They are, of course, a luxury, and are not by any means cheap, but one can obtain a fairly presentable one for half a crown.

Many men wear ties and handkerchiefs of the same material, and with socks to match there is the groundwork of an effective colour scheme.

Dark green and purple or claret-colour are the colours most affected. The pattern most generally sold has small squares or diamonds in white or yellow dotted about on it at irregular intervals.

FOR DRESSY MEN IN THE COUNTRY.

A country reader writes to me that in spite of having exercised infinite patience and having bestowed upon them many hints and directions, he finds it impossible to make the local tailors turn him out reasonably well-cut suits. I am not giving the name of the town from which he writes, because by doing so I should probably be involving this paper in an action for libel on the part of the tailors concerned.

To this reader, and to all others similarly placed, I would say the one and only remedy is to have their clothes made in London.

Such a firm as Ellis, of the Strand, can cut clothes from your own measurements every bit as well as if they had measured you themselves. On applying to them you are provided with directions for taking your own measurements, and the way in which you take them, though simple when explained in the way in which they explain it, counts for everything.

For dress-suits, frock-coats, and other garments with which a man requires a perfect fit, the plan I have suggested is an excellent one. The range of patterns sent to you enables you to choose the exact texture and shade of cloth from which the garments are to be made.

A NEW USE FOR TOOTHBRUSHES.

The cyclist is usually in the habit of saving his superannuated toothbrushes for the purpose of cleaning the spokes and chain of his bicycle.

But even if you are not a cyclist, you will be wise if you keep all old toothbrushes and nail-brushes. They can be put to numerous different uses, and among them is that of removing the dirt from the crevice between the welt and the upper of your boot.

If an old toothbrush is kept handy and used while the mud is still wet and before it has become caked on the boot, much labour will be saved, for it is almost impossible to get the boot really clean afterwards with a large brush.

FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS.

It is satisfactory to have a first grade overcoat, cut by the best London tailor. You find real pleasure in wearing it.

Made in pure wool tweeds or Scotch Cheviots.

50/-

These coats are cut in the very latest style, and an accurate fit is guaranteed.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Forms sent to any address.

Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
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Every Londoner should make a point of calling

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

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PROF. M. M. MERCURY,
Hawthorn Road, Llandaff, Glam.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Riding breeches, smartly cut and made, 21s.—Write for patterns to Beckett, Breeches Specialist, 4, Cheap Street, Frome.

Latest cut tweed suit, nearly new, fit man 5ft. 4in., breast 33in.; cost £3 10s.; genuine offer.—Box 1605, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Oilskin Coat (Yellow). Never been worn. Suit man 5ft. 6in.; chest, 34in. Parker's Lancaster make. Take 15s.; bargain.—Box 1601, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New brown leather leggings, height 12ins., top 13½ins., hand-sewn, 8s. 6d. Approval.—Box 1604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good shooting boots, elevens, Zug preferred; cash.—Box 1607, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's riding breeches and gaiters, cheap, or exchange for solid gold tie-pin.—Box 1608, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Morning coat and vest; chest 36ins.; 24s.—17, Burns Road, Harlesden.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gentleman leaving the links will sell 2 doz. Spalding Whites, 2 doz. Colonels, 12s. 6d. doz.; some odd makes, mostly cost 2s. each (20), 10s. All as good as new.—Box 1609, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Ratting.—Gentleman requires good sport near London.—Please give fullest particulars to Box 1610, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pair gentleman's rink, ball-bearing skates, boots size nines, prefer Winslow or other well-known make, and not adjustable, good condition and cheap—Box 1611, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Valuable double breech-loader gun, 12 bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, sacrifice 29s. 6d., worth treble; also another, hammerless, sacrifice 65s.—Box 1612, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For billiard tables, see Riley's advertisement, page 19.

MUSIC.

Violin, bow, and case; complete, perfect condition, must sell, 15s.; bargain.—Box 1603, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New cylinder flute, with case, 8-keyed, flat pitch, by Rudall Carte; cost 5gs., take 2gs.—Box 1613, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Concert ordinary banjo; cost £9 5s., with case; sacrifice £3 15s., or near offer; also good zither banjo, 25s.—Box 1614, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Gentleman farmer, who can give facilities for horse-riding and rough shooting two days a week.—Box 1615, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, on farm near London if possible, by two friends, week-end accommodation; rough shooting essential.—Box 1616, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD

Good incubator wanted, must be in good working order and cheap.—Box 1617, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hearson hydrothermic foster-mother, 100 chickens size, condition as new; £5.—Box 1618, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cypher's outdoor brooder, 100 chicks, sound working order, complete; cost £3 10s., accept 45s.—Box 1619, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Cross-bred collie, handsome, good guard, 2 years, catch rabbits, hunt, sable-white; what offers?—Box 1620, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome sable collie dog, 10 months, trained house and children; £1 good home.—Box 1621, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fawn Great Dane bitch, 3½ years, good guard, splendid pedigree; 50s.; exchange anything useful.—Box 1622, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Will exchange very beautiful black curly retriever dog, 10 months, unbroken, thoroughbred, for bull terrier; or sell. £1.—Box 1623, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Tandem; lady back, good condition; must sell; £3, or reasonable offer.—Wilmot, 12, Ravensworth Road, Kensal Rise.

One pair motor goggles, cost 23s. 6d., new, never been used. What offers?—Box 1624, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

26in. Safety, back-pedalling brake, perfect, 35s.—Box 1635, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's cycle. Exchange Scotch collie dog, 18 months, very handsome, over distemper, healthy.—Box 1625, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

One pair motor goggles with leather sides, brand new; cash 3s. 6d.—Box 1626, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Carter's Embrocation is invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes; sample 3 penny stamps only.—Send at once to the Model Homes, Ltd., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.

Electric Ointment as used by all leading athletes. Recipe 7d. post free.—Box 1602, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Quickest Honest Road to Biggest Fortunes." Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How." Post paid 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Corns! Miraculous cure; works wonders. Only three applications required. Recipe P.O. 7d., post free.—T. O'Grady, Snitterfield House, Stratford-on-Avon.

Valuable Dog Fancier's Secret, certain cure for distemper, 1s. post free.—Box 1603, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For sale, Griffiths' hand camera, with 3 plate slides, No. 2 guinea Brownie Kodak, in case, with developing box, &c., and rolls of films, all in good order; guinea the lot, bargain.—Box 1628, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 15 by 12 field camera, studio accessories, backgrounds, gas, lamp, &c.—Box 1629, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Watson's Reflex, 5 by 4, Vril changing box, Ross homocentric lens, focal plane, tripod, case, &c., perfect, £14.—Box 1630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Goerz vest pocket Tenax camera and enlarger.—Box 1631, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

£200 Provident Association House Purchase certificate, 23 months paid, plus £1 11s. 4d. profits; £10, or offers.—Box 1606, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

£5 per week and upwards earned by advertisement writers. Opportunities for ambitious people. Prospectus post free. — (Dept. 38) Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/6,

with 7 blades, in beautiful case complete, 1s. 6d., post free, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Typewriter, No. 7, Remington, condition as new, perfect working order, cash wanted; £10, or near offer.—Box 1632, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, safety razor, Gillette preferable, must be cheap. for cash.—Box 1633, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Wanted, Nos. 8 and 27 "The Modern Man," reasonable price given.—Box 1634 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor-made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40in. breast, never worn; sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D. Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark-brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval willingly.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

(Containing a Week's Supply)

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

The Great Brain and Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous affections, individually known as

Nervous Headache	Over-Sensitiveness	Moroseness	Despondency or
Insomnia or	Loss of Memory	Dizziness	Depression
Sleeplessness	Neuritis	Trembling	Morbid Forebodings
Mental Exhaustion	Neurasthenia	Restlessness	Irritability
Lassitude	Nervous Indigestion	Neuralgia	Nervous Palpitations
Vague Fears	Faintness	Nervous Debility	Inability to Concentrate the Mind
St. Vitus' Dance	Melancholia	Hysteria	

And General Brain and Nerve Exhaustion.

Of All Chemists, Stores, etc., 9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE.

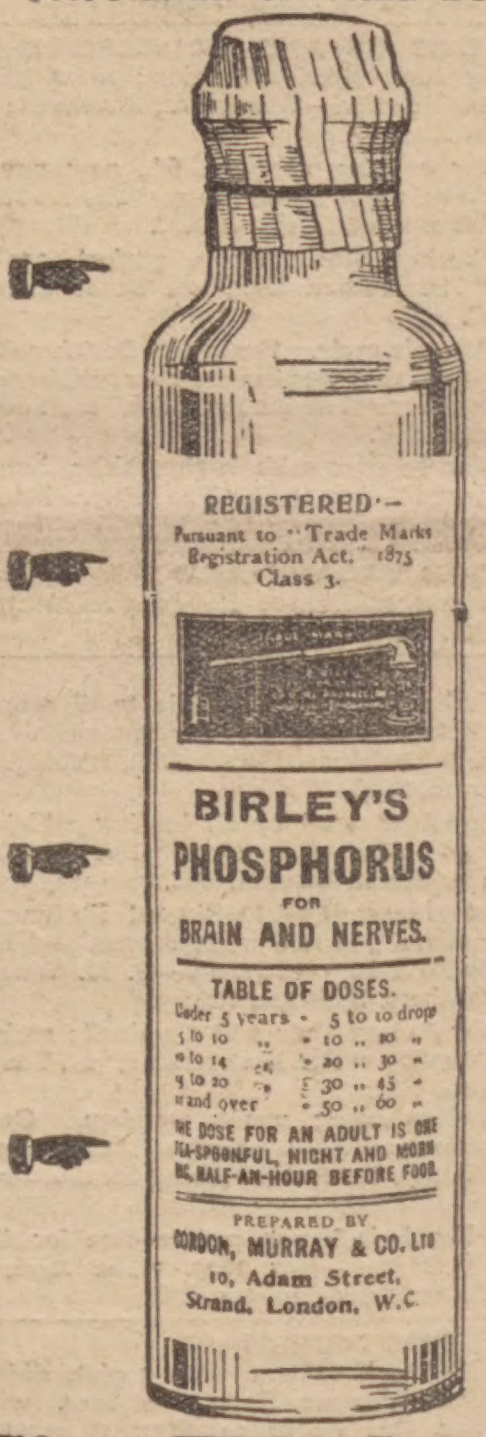
WHY THE BRAIN & NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. Ltd
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

Sign This Coupon.

To GORDON, MURRAY, & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Sirs,—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS of Dr. Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Also 24-paged Pamphlet. I enclose FOUR PENNY STAMPS to cover the expenses of postage, packing, and dispatching. I promise never to make a second application for a trial Bottle either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address.....

D.X. 44.....

TRIAL BOTTLES CANNOT BE SENT ABROAD.

THE REAL ACTION OF PHOSPHORUS IN THE SYSTEM.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and bony structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so do the brain and nervous system need the one element — Phosphorus — for their renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headache, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are known as dyspepsia and liver complaints.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life, have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, the step and gait again elastic and determined, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

BEST FOR BRAIN AND NERVES